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(Willie) Jo...

AN

LETTERS,

FROM THE YEAR 1774 TO THE YEAR 1796,

OF

JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

ADDRESSED TO HIS DAUGHTER,

THE LATE

Miss Wilkes:

WITH

A COLLECTION OF HIS

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A MEMOIR OF THE LIFE

OF

MR. WILKES.

VOL. II.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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Letters at Brighthelmstone and at Bath, addressed to Miss Wilkes, from the Year 1774 *to* 1783.

LETTERS,

&c.

LETTER I.

Star at Lewes,
Tuesday, August 23, 1774.

AFTER I left Bromley yesterday, my dearest Polly, I found the change of air so friendly to me, that after a very moderate dinner at the rural inn my sister so well described at Godstone, I reached Uckfield, where I slept tolerably last night. That little tour of forty miles I found enough for my strength, and I was rather contented to take up with worse accommodations than risk too great fatigue.

I am to-day much better, and the sea air which I scent already, begins to refresh me. I expect to lie at East Bourn to-night, and will write to my dearest daughter from thence.

Wheatears are remarkably scarce here, but I hope to be more successful where I am going.

I wish you to send all letters and the news in a parcel to me here, and I will give directions to the man of the house to forward them to me.

I have not felt the least return of my fever, and am gaining strength every hour. I must now be my *own* nurse (as I am without the most tender and careful, as well as the most affectionate, there is in the world); and I will be in every thing most regular.

I wrote to my sister from Uckfield just before I set out, and only saved the post.

Be so good to send me another packet by the machine, directed to me here, next Tuesday; after which I shall probably think of my return to town.

My dearest Polly, adieu.

LETTER II.

Thursday Evening, Nov. 1774.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I saw my brother Hayley at the Mansion-house to-day, and we have settled it for the Lord Mayor to eat baccaljo to-morrow, at four, in Great Alie Street, after the court of aldermen and common council. I am to go in the

fine gingerbread coach in great ceremony. I wish you therefore to order William to come to-morrow by nine to the Mansion-house, and to bring his best livery there, and to dress there that he may be *poudré au blanc.* I wish you would dine at Mr. Hayley's to-morrow, and order a coach from Auckland's for the whole day, and if you would be at the Mansion-house about three, my brother and I would go in your coach to Great Alie Street. If we should not be returned there at your arrival, still the folding doors would be thrown open for you, both in your own right, and that of all your various virtues:—you might visit Miss Mansell's in the morning, or any other person you choose.

Good night, my dearest daughter:—sweet sleep and pleasing dreams.

LETTER III.

Cricklade,
Monday, Feb. 27, 1775.

I THANK my dear lady mayoress for her obliging attention about the newspapers, and her pretty note. The knight-errant follows his windmill expedition; if he succeeds, it will be by means *, which ought to make his attempt miscarry, and I will not lend my little reputation, but a great cause, to it.—Mr. Reynolds, Dr. Lee, and all our friends, are of the same opinion; only Mr. Dayrell pushes the knight on.

I dined yesterday with Lord Bathurst, and was received with distinguished po-

* To those to whom the history of Cricklade is known, what these means were likely to be, will readily occur.—EDIT.

liteness; he now, at the age of ninety-one, possesses all his faculties, rides, walks, eats and drinks well, and is extremely cheerful: the hours I passed with him pierced the gloom of the two last days; I was instructed as well as entertained; and although he has many tales, he is not got into his *anecdotage*.

I believe now that I shall be in town early on Thursday, but I will certainly return some time that day.

I beg my dear daughter to remember me affectionately to all our city friends. Sir George Savile, Mr. Hartley, Lord Mahon, Serjeant Glynn, Sir Edward Astley, might be invited for Saturday, with any others you like; and I think no time should be lost.—Mrs. Sawbridge too and the Alderman.

Heaven bless you, my dear daughter, and give you every blessing.

Adieu!

LETTER IV.

Brighthelmstone,
Wednesday, Oct. 15, 1775.

THE alteration of the post since Michaelmas, has deprived me of the opportunity of paying my respects to my dearest Polly before this morning; or I should have said two days ago that the sea air and the centaur exercise of riding and hunting, have been of service in my slow, lurking fever. Monday and Tuesday I assisted at the triumph over the poor timorous hare; but the trophy of the victory was not given me, else you would have had another *course* of puss, in Prince's Court.

The Duke and Dutchess of Devonshire are here, and deservedly beloved.

I was at Monday's ball, but it was not crowded. Mr. Warre and Lord De Ferrars left us on Tuesday; Lord Kelly, Mr. Murphy, and many others of my old acquaintance continue the week; my tether certainly does not carry me beyond the week, and Sunday will have me again an inhabitant of Prince's Court.

I came to catch the last smiles of departing autumn, and I enjoy them much on the hills, with the mountain nymph, sweet Liberty. The chase is become a new scene to me, and adds to the health of the exercise a very pleasing amusement.

I shall write to my beloved daughter more fully by the next post, and fix the particulars of my return.

I beg you to pay every attention to your health, and let your first solicitude be to preserve to me the most excellent and accomplished of her sex, whom

Heaven has bestowed on me in a daughter, as a more than balance against the misfortunes and miseries of life.

My dearest Polly, adieu!

LETTER V.

Brighthelmstone,
Thursday, Oct. 16, 1775.

By the new regulation of the post, I did not receive your letter of Tuesday night, my dearest Polly, till this morning; and I am afraid mine of yesterday will not kiss your hands till Friday. As you mention the day's change of your tour, I fear it may give you some additional trouble. I received all

the newspapers, and thank you for your care.

Lady Peterborough, Miss M——t, more gloomy and dejected than ever, and Miss G—d as pert and flippant as at Bath, more is impossible, are here, and no other ladies I believe of your acquaintance. The balls are very thin and dull, but the chase has at present great charms for me; I do not find however politeness enough in Sussex Baronets or Esquires to send me a hare, although I have generally been in at the death; but I shall probably bring you one of French growth.

I think the exercise beneficial to my health, and the hunting is safer here than in any part of England, except from the steep declivity of some of the hills.

I mean certainly to dine on Sunday in Prince's Court, but I shall probably not

arrive before five or six in the evening, and therefore I entreat you not to wait dinner for me, but to order me some giblet-soup and a pork-chop.

Mr. Murphy and I chatted two hours this morning with Mrs. Thr—le, who is much less learned, and much more ——, than I expected.

I hope your little excursion will amuse you, and the change of the scene be entertaining; but you carry sprightliness and good humour, as well as good sense, along with you.

Adieu! my dearest Polly; continue to love me.

LETTER VI.

White Hart at Godstone,
Friday Night, Nine, 1776.

ARRIVED here in his way to Brighthelmstone, the famous Mr. Wilkes, with a French valet de chambre, both as hungry as Highlanders, but finding rather more to eat than any Highlander, who had not been in the south. Saw scarcely ten persons on the road, and suspects men, women, and children, have all emigrated to America. Is determined to eat a little forbidden fruit for supper, to drink the health of a most amiable young lady in Prince's Court, and to retire to Bedfordshire before ten, to rise to-morrow with the lark, and to hold converse with old ocean before evening. Such are the harmless projects of this son of ambition and faction.

LETTER VII.

Brighthelmstone,
Sunday, July 14, 1776.

I ARRIVED here, my dearest Polly, yesterday to dinner, and had a very pleasant tour from Godstone, where I lay on Friday night at the White Hart, as I wrote you word.

The feverish heat is greatly diminished, and the sea air I think already is salutary to me.

I have been over the town, and seen very good apartments, which may be had till the 8th of August, to begin from next Wednesday; after that time they are engaged to a family: there are four good bedchambers, and two rooms for servants, besides a pleasant parlour, &c. Nothing can be more complete—a full

view of the sea, which breaks at your feet. If it is agreeable to you and Mrs. Molyneux, I should be very desirous that you would both come here immediately, because I am sure it would please you highly, and make no material difference in expense to either of us, as I should not wish to ask any dining company. If this proposal is agreeable to you, by lying one night on the road, you might get here to dinner the second day, and Harris might accompany you in Mrs. Molyneux's coach. Mrs. Molyneux's share of the lodgings would be only 1*l*. 5*s*. per week; and, if it could be contrived, you two might take the tour of Normandy and Paris from hence: but that party must as yet remain unsettled from reasons which you guess. At present I am at the Castle, but I wait your answer, and I own I much wish you and Mrs. Molyneux would set out

directly, and I would meet you any where on the road, or have your dinner ready here the second day. Lewes races are the 25th of this month. You might call at Mr. Redhead's, and bring with you whatever you choose as to clothes, for this place, and Harris might make it up. Be so good to write immediately either by the coach or the post; or rather I should be glad you would set out directly, and write on the road. I do not think I could propose any thing so much for either of your pleasures the next three weeks, nor so much, if I may so say, for my own, as my whole aim herewould be both your satisfactions. Mrs. Molyneux might be pay-mistress to this place, and then I might settle with her, and send money from hence to our cook in town.

I received the books and the newspapers very safe. Be so good as to make

a packet of every thing for the coach on Monday night.

I leave my dearest daughter the entire mistress of her actions, as to the intended tour, and only dwell upon it, because I think it would be as agreeable to Mrs. Molyneux and herself as to me; and three as good-humoured people, so disposed to be happy, seldom meet.

Adieu!

Croydon, 11 miles, the George—Godstone, 9 miles, the White Hart, a very good house—East Grinstead, 10 miles, the Crown—Maresfield, 10 miles, the Old Chequer Inn, a very good house—Lewes, the Star, a good house, 10 miles—Brighthelmstone, 8 miles, the Castle.

LETTER VIII.

Brighthelmstone,
Thursday, July 18, 1776.

I RECEIVED both my dearest Polly's letters, and thank her for the obliging care she has taken of the papers, and other things. I am sorry for the uncertain and cruel situation of so meritorious a lady as Mrs. M.; but she must look forward, and time will come perhaps with healing under his wings; I hope so at least in recompense of her virtues.

As I am not to enjoy my dear daughter's company here this tour, I am come to my old little cabin, at Gorringe's on the Cliff, at a guinea per week; but my stay here will be but a few days, and then I will contrive for our meeting on

the road, if there is any convenience for you two travelling princesses.

I have had no return of the fever, and have been twice on horseback: to-morrow I intend to go into the sea.

Mr. Lodge, a very sensible and amiable friend, has taken a house about a mile from hence in a very pleasant situation, with fine old trees, which every where would please as beauties, but here as wonders strike. I have dined twice with him, and find a very cheerful society of both sexes. He expects several of our common friends on a visit.

I mean to send the *widow* a present of rabbits and lobsters, both of which are in perfection here, to give a little tribute of my respect to her, and sense of her obligingness to you. No wheatears yet arrived.

Adieu!

LETTER IX.

Brighthelmstone,
Thursday, July 18, 1776.

I SEND you, my dear daughter, a little present of rabbits and chickens, both which are remarkably good here. I mean Mrs. Molyneux some lobsters, which are delicious on this coast, but the weather has been too rough, and the cowardly, methodistical fishermen have not dared to venture out these three days. It is very extraordinary, that the heresy of methodism has infected almost all the seafaring people here, and has made them cowards as well as simpletons. I remain however sound in the faith, and will keep to my good orthodox mother, the Church of England, to the last moment of—its legal establishment.

To-morrow, or Saturday, we make a party of two days to Findon, to Mr. Green's, and as it is only 15 miles, I mean to perform it on horseback: be so good however to write to me here as before.

I have had no return of my fever, and have left off the bark, so that I hope I am delivered from so disagreeable an autumn companion.

This place begins to be pestered on account of the races with the vilest vermin, called at Newmarket the blacklegs, a despicable set of gamblers, whom I abhor, detest, and abjure.

Friday, July 19,
Seven o'Clock in the Morning.

Mr. Wilkes just up, admiring the smooth, treacherous ocean, in high health, and having few wishes of importance ungratified, but the company of his beloved daughter.

LETTER X.

Brighthelmstone,
Monday, July 22, 1776.

I AM sorry, dear Polly, for the inconveniences you must suffer by the illness of John, and I agree with you that he had better go for some time to his father in the country, when he can be moved, and that you should have Shackerley for the present.

To-morrow is fixed for our little tour to Mr. Green's, if I am well. I had yesterday a return of the fever, but not with its former violence, and I am at a loss to guess at the cause, as I had not been in the rain, and only on horseback two hours. I took a small quantity of James's powder, which made me perspire profusely, and I am to-day much recovered.

I have dined alone every day, when I have not been at Mr. Lodge's, and eat no supper; so that, as Dr. Young says, "disease invades the chastest temperance;" however, if temperance will not keep off diseases, it will tame their fury.

I shall be very glad to see Mr. Needham on my return to town, which will be, I believe, in about a week, and I wish you to tell him so, with my compliments.

My tender compliments to the amiable widow.

Adieu!

LETTER XI.

Preston,
Sunday, July 23, 1776.

I AM here, my dearest Polly, since Thursday, in the large hospitable house of Mr. Lodge, where I find most agreeable society, of which I am very unworthy; for I have neither eat nor drank, except trash and slops, since Wednesday. I had the cold and hot fit twice, yesterday and to-day, yet I feel I am growing better, and I am taken great care of.

I copied, and enclose to you a letter from Baron Boden to Mr. C——g. May I trust the Court of Hesse, as to the young man's not being sent to America? I rather think I may from Baron Boden's influence there: pray write me

fully your opinion, and y
the copy, as I shall the o
return it to Mr. C——g, in
paste. The Baron writes
Wilkes, but then so much t
F——, and Mrs. C——, I
with transcribing; and the
Prussian I am not very fond of
than the Russians.

Adieu, my dear

My best compliments to
ladies, and warm congratulat
departure of the young ladies.
I wish you to direct to me as

LETTER XII.

Preston,
Monday, July 29, 1776.

To-day, my dear Polly, I began the bark again, and find myself already better; so that I mean to persevere, and try for a very few days longer the same powerful remedy.

Mr. Thomas Scott and Mr. Daniel Weir dined here yesterday, but I was too ill to come to them till the afternoon; but to-day I am surprisingly recovered, and to-morrow afternoon I hope to get again on horseback.

Tuesday, July 30.

I am told there is now much good company at Brighthelmstone, but I have not been there these five days. This evening we make a party to walk on the

fully your opinion, and you may keep the copy, as I shall the original, till I return it to Mr. C——g, in two or three posts. The Baron writes well of Miss Wilkes, but then so much too of Mrs. P——, and Mrs. C——, I was tired with transcribing; and the germanized French I am not very fond of, no more than the Russians.

Adieu, my dear daughter.

My best compliments to the fair widow, and warm congratulations on the arrival of the young ladies.

I wish you to direct to me as before.

LETTER XII.

Preston,
Monday, July 29, 1776.

To-day, my dear Polly, I began the bark again, and find myself already better; so that I mean to persevere, and try for a very few days longer the same powerful remedy.

Mr. Thomas Scott and Mr. Daniel Weir dined here yesterday, but I was too ill to come to them till the afternoon; but to-day I am surprisingly recovered, and to-morrow afternoon I hope to get again on horseback.

Tuesday, July 30.

I am told there is now much good company at Brighthelmstone, but I have not been there these five days. This evening we make a party to walk on the

Stein, and return here early. Yesterday I ate boiled mutton and turnips, after three days absolute fast, and to-day at two o'clock I grow impatient for, "Madame, on a servi;" so that I trust my autumnal fever is conquered for this year. It is an annual tax I pay for having passed my grand climacteric of forty-five.

Pray take particular care of your dear health *durant la canicule.*

Adieu, dearest Polly.

LETTER XIII.

Preston,
Wednesday, July 31, 1776.

I AM content, dear Polly, to let the London Packet, and all the other news-writers, make as free with my name as they do with that of my betters; but I am sorry at the ill-founded paragraph about my health, which has given you pain. I have neither been in the sea, nor seen a physician; and except the strong symptoms of an ague, I do not know of a single one unpleasing. Pray tell my good Doctor Churchill, I obey him as implicitly as if he were present, because I have faith, and faith in him I find cures me.

The eclipse was perfectly seen here last night:—not one unfriendly cloud.

I am better to-day, than for several days past, but last night I had a regular ague-fit; yet my present feelings are, that it will not return.

Adieu!

LETTER XIV.

Preston Place,
Sunday, Aug. 4, 1776.

I DID not write to you, my dearest Polly, yesterday, from the great doubt I had of the return of the ague; but I hope it has now left me, as I took on Thursday night and Friday morning near two ounces of bark. I slept well last night, and have had no return since

Thursday, so that I hope that disagreeable companion has left me. Hitherto I have had only mutton broth and bread, but to-day I mean to attack the solid flesh of the sheep, which is delicious on these downs. Do not laugh at my Alderman's taste, if I send you a leg of Sussex downs mutton, for we here hold you have none comparable to it.

I am truly sorry my Æsculapius is ill. Pray give him the same advice you do me: he will attend to it from female lips. I received the packet very safe.

I wrote to Baron Boden to desire all the necessary explanations about the service of Hesse. I enclose you Mr. S——'s letter, *qui n'est pas trop bien*, except the writing. My idea of the Hessian cavalry I think will best answer his wish about horses.

No wheatears yet come; but Lady Barrymore, that English ortolan, is ar-

rived, and came over to see me, driving herself and Charles Fox in a phaeton. Lady Harriet Foley and Mr. Foley have likewise been here to ask me how I do. How gracious and good to a poor persecuted patriot! yet I value the esteem and approbation of Miss Wilkes more than all.

Adieu!

LETTER XV.

Preston Place,
Wednesday, Aug. 7, 1776.

I HAVE the pleasure, my dear Polly, of your letter of yesterday, and rejoice to hear of your health. I am so much recovered, that I was on horseback twice yesterday, and on Saturday morning I am to make a tour to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight for three or four days. I beg the favour of you, by Friday night's post, to direct the news and letters to me, at the Fountain in Portsmouth; and the same on Saturday night. I will write to you to-morrow or Friday, as to my future little excursions with this family; but I shall soon see my dearest daughter in town. I have had no return of my ague, yet I

continue the bark, and mean to get on horseback whenever I can.

I am much obliged by the kind inquiries of Mr. Bull and my other friends, and beg my respects to them. The wheatears are so lean, they are not eatable, but if I can get any in aldermanic condition, my dear daughter shall have them.

I regret exceedingly this long absence; but it is a sacrifice I make to health, and I trust the winter will give it me confirmed, not to create a moment's uneasiness to my friends.

Adieu !

LETTER XVI.

Fountain at Portsmouth,
Sunday, Aug. 11, 1776.

We had a very pleasant tour here yesterday, dear Polly, from Preston Place, and on my arrival I had the pleasure of your letter, and the papers. Our plan was to have passed over to the Isle of Wight this morning, but the weather is not favourable, and the wind too high for timid females. If it falls, we intend to embark this evening at six, and to pass two or three days on that beautiful spot.

I have had no return of my ague, but I still take the bark twice a day. I hope I am getting a stock of health for the next winter, to follow dutifully all the claims which my good friends the free-

holders of Middlesex have on me in Parliament.

The two hams come as a present from Mr. Warre, an agreeable young gentleman now with us, a Portugal merchant; and Mr. Lodge having been formerly in the same commerce, a present of that kind to him would be as good as the King's present of a large tiger to the Bey of Algiers. He has fourteen such nice hams at Preston. May I desire you to eat one of the hams, and to send the other to Mrs. Charpillion, No. 30, Titchfield Street.

I regret that L. has only a girl, but I suppose he will comfort himself as the two friends in La Fontaine's Contes do.

I have no objection to my dear daughter's passing a few days at ——, but I should rather think a week would trespass on her patience. The time I leave entirely to her prudence and convenience.

I ride now so much, that I am almost the Centaur not fabulous. If my dear Polly is in want of the pictures of our sovereign, if she will send to my excellent treasurer and trustee, Mr. Bull, he will readily accommodate her. I hope however soon to return to my dearest daughter, and to Prince's Court, but I do not mean to interfere with her little —— tour.

Adieu!

I forgot to mention that as I passed through Chichester, which is famous for lobsters, I ordered the landlord to send you half a score of their small, delicate lobsters. Be so good to send me a packet by Friday's coach, to the Castle at Brighthelmstone, with all letters and news to that time.

LETTER XVII.

Southampton,
Friday, Aug. 16, 1776.

THE post only gives me time, my dearest Polly, to mention that after an agreeable tour to the Isle of Wight, we are come well to this place, and propose returning by Portsmouth this afternoon to Brighthelmstone. I beg the favour of you to send me a packet by the coach on Tuesday morning, of all letters and the newspapers to Brighthelmstone. I believe I shall return to my dearest daughter the next week.

This tour has been, I hope, of singular service to my health; at present I am surprisingly well, and able to ride almost every day.

Adieu, dearest Polly.

LETTER XVIII.

Preston Place,
Thursday Morning, Aug. 22, 1776.

I RETURNED here, my dearest Polly, yesterday noon from our little excursion to the Isle of Wight, Wilton, and Salisbury. I have the great joy of both your letters, and the two packets, and more rapturous pleasure I can scarcely experience than I had from that of the 16th. I will not make any addition to what I wrote to you from Salisbury, because my wishes for you at that time cannot be added to, and it is particular, that while I was writing to you on my arrival * in the evening at Salisbury from Southampton, you were at the same

* The letter written at Salisbury in the *evening* of the 16th (Miss Wilkes's birth-day) is missing. —EDIT.

time writing to me, on the Friday evening.

I am sorry the man at Chichester cheated you of your lobsters, but I hope some fine wheatears will have a short passage to you, as I mean to send some to-morrow, if any are taken.

I imagine by your letter of the 16th, *that dear, happy day*, that your mamma goes to Epsom next week. If you choose it, you may accompany her, and perhaps you would think it most convenient. I return to Prince's Court on Saturday next, and hope to dine there; but I will not change any of your arrangements about Epsom. I return on Saturday for some business of this family's, who talk of a tour to France.

I believe I have got rid of my troublesome companion, the ague; and I hope to keep the enemy aloof. I will not trouble you to write to me here again, nor to send me any more newspapers,

as I shall so soon return to Prince's Court.

Take care, my dear daughter, of a health so precious to me, and be assured of my warmest love, tenderness, and esteem.

Adieu!

LETTER XIX.

Castle at Salt Hill,
Friday Night, Dec. 19, 1777.

I FIND no small chagrin already, my dearest Polly, at the thought of losing your company for these few holy-days which are allowed us; and all the occupations which I had left for this evening, and till bed-time, are not sufficient to make me as contented as I was yesterday with you. I think the

exercise, and the circulation in me of the country air, especially after two days sitting close to the fire-side, have been of present relief to me. I drank tea at Cranford Bridge; arrived here soon after two, walked a little in the garden, and dined very moderately at four. After my coffee I find myself much better, but it is lucky for me that I am not to travel farther to-day, after the *beaume* I took at four this morning. I intend at present pressing the pillow at ten this night, and to-morrow—but what mortal can answer for to-morrow?—being in the post-chaise before nine, that I may reach Marlborough before the sun leaves us. I am at the present moment much better,

Et me crois de tous maux, gueri
Au moment que je vous écris;
Car en nul endroit du royaume
Il n'est cataplasme ni *beaume*,
Qui pût me faire autant de bien
Que cette espèce d'entretien.

If you laugh at the bad French verses, I will punish you by making you eat *two* oysters, the first time I see you, and find them very nice.

My best compliments to the agreeable widow, and many apologies for not being present to enjoy the honour she does you to-day; and pray parade away with my singular character as an alderman, to leave behind me a hare, partridge, French capon, chine, twelve and half dozen of the best old port, madeira, mountain, rum, &c. &c. &c. to trust myself to the wide world in a country where I was imprisoned two years. What amazing heroism!

I beg the favour of you to send a servant with the enclosed letters.

Good night, sweet Euphrosyne.

LETTER XX.

Castle at Speen Hill,
Saturday, Dec. 20, 1777.

I HAD a father, a perfectly good-humoured man, who loved laughing: he said one day to me, "Jack, have you got a purse?" My answer was, "No, Sir."—"I am sorry for it, Jack," said my father; "if you had, I should have given you some money to put in it." I soon got a purse, and in two or three days my father asked me again, "Jack, have you got a purse?"—"Yes, Sir."—"I am glad of it," said my father, "if you had not had a purse, I would have given you one." This was mere fun in my father, for he was exceedingly generous, and gave me all I could wish.

I have a daughter, the sweetest-tem-

pered girl in the world, generous and noble-minded. She gives me both a purse and money, and writes me at the same time the prettiest, most elegant compliment possible, of more value than all the purses and money in the world, not equalled since the time of Madame de Sevigné. The purse I shall keep as long as I live; the money I shall lay out at Bath as a *souvenir* for her of one of the politest and most obliging actions I ever knew. I must always add, happy, happy father in such a daughter.

I sent my dear Polly a large packet of letters last night from Salt Hill, after which I went to bed, and slept tolerably. This morning I got into the chaise at nine, and just before Berton gave me the little box. I am better, yet far from well. I intend sleeping at Marlborough. I forgot to mention that nothing is to be paid for the carriage of the wine, which

Mr. Dixon will send, only a shilling to be given to the men to drink. It should be unpacked, and the old wine separated in the cellar, from the new.

Good morrow, dearest Polly.

LETTER XXI.

Castle at Marlborough,
Saturday Night, Dec. 20, 1777.

I LITTLE imagined, my dearest Polly, that I could ever become *purse*-proud, but I assure you it is my case ever since I received the obliging present which Berton gave me this morning. I value the outside of it much more than the idol on the inside, which all the world runs after. A *purse* from you captivates

me more than a present from Potosi or Peru of any monarch on earth.

I wrote to my dear daughter from Salt Hill and Speen Hill. To-morrow I will notify to you my arrival at Bath, if I get there, as I hope, to dinner; and on Monday I will contrive to send you a £15 Bank note, which I shall easily get there in the course of that day.

I found the roads to this place from Speen Hill extremely bad, so that I was three hours and a half in the passage, and did not arrive till near six, although I left Salt Hill at a quarter after nine. I am much fatigued, too much for more bad French or English verses, but otherwise well; rather suspicious however of my *cold companion's* paying me another visit, although the *beaume* has made regular attacks on him.

I enclose in another cover two letters to Mr. Smith and Mr. Hern, which I

wish you to read and seal, and send them to the Post-office, where they must be paid for, about a shilling each.

Pray remember me, dearest Polly, dutifully to my mother, and affectionately to the rest of the family, and all friends.

Good night.

LETTER XXII.

Bath,
Sunday, Dec. 21, 1777.

JUST arrived in this city, and to be seen without loss of time at the *Bear*, in Cheap Street, an *Alderman* of London, alive. He eats, drinks, digests, and sleeps as well as any Christian,

and the last especially in a pew; but he does not always speak like a Christian: the more the pity: 'tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, that 'tis true. He is thought by many good judges the greatest curiosity in this city—except himself.

N. B. His stay here will be but short.

LETTER XXIII.

Bath,
Monday, Dec. 22, 1777.

I HAVE been engaged, my dearest Polly, the whole morning in paying visits to our old friends here, and unpacking. I made only a little excursion to the fish-market, and desire you to accept a very fine *piper*, and a

pair of soles, which you know Bath boasts of. I should be happy, were it in my power to make the enclosed paper from the governor of the Bank equal to 45,000*l.* at least.

Bon jour, ma très chere fille.

I forgot to mention that I lodge at Miss Temple's, a perfect *Huncamunca*, in Gallway's Buildings, there being no room on either Parade, or in the Grove. Colonel Whitmore, Mr. Diggs, and three ladies, occupy the rest of the house, with Miss Temple.

LETTER XXIV.

Bath,
Thursday, Dec. 25, 1777.

I HAD the pleasure, my dearest Polly, of your two letters of Sunday and Tuesday. I am very glad my different letters all arrived safe, and I hope the Bank note kissed your hands on Wednesday, but I know that I cannot hear of it till to-morrow.

The game came safe, and I sent it all away to our different friends. I have no way of returning dinner obligations but in that manner, and therefore I wrote to Calais to desire game might be sent once a week to me, for the three following weeks, and after that only once a fortnight. I forgot to mention it, and your letter would appear a *contre-tems*. I

wish you therefore to write by *Friday's* post to rectify the mistake, and to desire that the same quantity with a French pie may be sent the next week, and then we shall be right in the good opinion of Madame Leguillon and her son.

My cold companion, the ague, has not revisited me. I have not omitted a single morning taking the *beaume*. Dr. W——n I visited twice, and sent him partridges. He raves about Kitty and America, and seems to have no other ideas; he has kept house above a month from illness; he is very obliging, but I have no invitation yet to dinner.

I have made my bow to the Gordons. The little fairy queen is better.

Lord Kelly and Mr. Warre are to arrive to-day at five, and to dine with us at the Tuns. Tom Scott is come. My resolution is taken of never supping, and of going to bed at eleven; I am

better, yet not well. Lord Coventry, Lady Coventry, Judge Willes, Mrs. Willes, Lord Dillon, &c. &c. I chat much with. Lord George Germaine is expected to-day, *with whom I shall not chat.*

I thank you for your care about the French pie, which went to its destination.

Nothing need be paid either to Molliner, or Roper, as my tether is so short.

I rejoice that my dear cousin in Great Alie Street is better. I hope there are many enjoyments for her in this world, for many years before she becomes an angel in the other.

Berton behaves very well, is perfectly sober and attentive.

Bath is very full, but little good company. The ball on Monday was of 500 persons, but no female danced half so well as the little Grace of Prince's Court,

to whom I wish all the gay compliments of this cheerful season.

My dearest daughter, adieu.

LETTER XXV.

Saturday, Dec. 27, 1777.

I HAVE two letters of my dearest Polly's to acknowledge of Wednesday and Thursday, both which gave me very great pleasure. They are most obligingly expressive of her kind partiality to me, and breathe all the spirit of a sensible, pleasing, and ingenuous mind.

I did not intend any thing for Molliner till my return. I settled it so with him to his entire satisfaction, only the half guinea weekly to Reynolds.

You disposed properly of the Lynn turkey, but infinitely better of the French game, if you ate the partridges, &c. yourself.

Adieu, my dearest girl. I am just going to dine in Garrard Street; but before that, a thing worth all the dinners in the world, to kiss the honey dew off the lips of sweet July Brereton.

LETTER XXVI.

Bath,
Tuesday, Dec. 30, 1777.

I ASSISTED last night, my dearest Polly, at the ball of the master of the ceremonies of the upper rooms, Mr. Dawson; which was a well-dressed crowd of near 900 persons. Very few persons of real fashion, but what is much more engaging, several most beautiful women were there. I admire them at fifty years over my head, like beautiful pictures, and indeed some of them are as well painted as Guido's.

A young lady here desires two covers for the enclosed direction. She means by the *cross* post. Is not the cross × charming? But would not the direction have been more complete, if she had

made it perfectly hieroglyphical, thus × ∩, *cross* and *post?*

Yesterday I dined at Mr. Drax's, with Mr. and Mrs. Drax, Lord and Lady Kilmory, Irish; their son and daughter grown up, &c. &c.

I press the pillow regularly at ten or eleven, and rise at seven, so that I am in high *odeur de regularité ici.*

There are a thousand inquiries after you. I have twice missed the female H———s. The foolish man is as tiresome as ever. Mrs. Macaulay is expected back this week, and the Doctor says her health is greatly improved; the continuation of her History is soon to appear, and I find she has attacked the memory of King William with much acrimony, which will please all the tory wretches of the kingdom. Even Shebbeare and Johnson will quote Mrs. Macaulay against King William.

My apartments are very dull, but very warm and spacious. I question however if I should have liked any apartments here without the company of my dearest daughter.

I stay at home most mornings, and in the mind's eye traverse the kingdoms of Arcot and Tanjore, with a few little excursions to Bengal, Berar, and Orissa.

My muse is a jade, and was foundered I believe at Salt Hill, for she has not advanced *two* feet since.

Adieu, dearest girl: continue to love your obliged and affectionate father.

LETTER XXVII.

Bath, Jan. 1, 1778.

THE first and dearest wish of my heart, on the beginning of a new year, is for the long uninterrupted happiness of my dearest daughter; the most serene unclouded days, and that true enjoyment of every thing, which a virtuous, sensible, and elegant mind only can taste. My *second* wish only is for myself to see you happy, which will be the truest felicity to me.

I have begun the year well, for I wrote to Mr. Hayley, to beg him to give me credit for two guineas for the poor American prisoners. I am sorry our great national character has suffered so much of late. I hope we are now re-

deeming it; the first feature of it I think is humanity, the second only bravery. I am poor enough, God knows, and have very little;

> Yet of that little I have some to spare,
> To feed the hungry, and to clothe the bare;

as honest John Dryden says.

Dr. S———g, that *worthless* dog, *worth* 40,000*l.* was detected on Christmas-day, putting eight guineas in his coat-pocket, which he slily conveyed out of the plate, at the church-door, intrusted to his care. Yet the day after, several soi-disant gentlemen dined with him. I have not yet their names.

The newspapers only have given me intelligence of Deputy P——r's legacy. I read it first in the lying, scandalous Morning Post. I suspect there is no more truth in it than in the other paragraphs of that paper.

Be so good to present my duty to my mother, with fervent wishes for the return of many happy years to her. My compliments of the new year likewise to the amiable widow, Mrs. Conti, &c. &c.

This morning's machine is ordered to bring you some fish, which, from the very cold weather, I hope will arrive perfectly fresh.

I wrote to Molliner to fix a day for his coming to Prince's Court. I expect his answer on Monday. This will save you all trouble and thought on the subject. On Saturday or Monday I shall probably fix the day of my return.

My resolution of keeping good hours here is as invariable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and my good Lord Kelly applauds it, and confirms me in it. I have constantly been in bed at eleven, and not once missed taking the beaume.

Lady Mary Obrien's marriage with

Mr. Fitzmaurice, is the tale of January and May. F. however is perfectly good-humoured. I have written to felicitate Lord Inchiquin on the occasion.

Both Christians and Jews in abundance desire their compliments to you. Lord Kelly among the first, then the Draxes, the Brerétons, the Delacours, the Gideonites, &c. &c. There is a Miss Rian here, the most beautiful woman at Bath, just twenty-one, who proposed yesterday that we should drink Miss Wilkes's health, standing up all of us. On Saturday morning I am to escort her, Mrs. and Miss July Brereton, her mother by a former husband, Mrs. Bagnal, and a handsome Miss Bagnal, to a rural breakfast and concert given a select party, by Governor Thickness at Bathwick.

Good day, and good year, my dear good girl.

LETTER XXVIII.

Bath,
Sunday, Jan. 4, 1778.

I SENT Mrs. Molineux's letter, my dearest Polly, to Mrs. Martin as soon as I received it; but, alas! I heard the poor lady became a widow last Monday.

Mrs. Macaulay returned to Dr. Wilson on Friday. I saw her yesterday very ill indeed, and raving against France, and every thing in that country. She even says their soups are detestable, as bad as Lacedemonian black broth, and their game insipid, all their meat bad, and their poultry execrable. Yet she says, that she dined at some of the best tables, and was infinitely caressed. She saw Dr. Franklin, but refused his invitation to dinner, for fear of being confined on her

return in consequence of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. "Lord Jesus Christ, Mr. Wilkes, you know I am very fond of partridges; I saw them often served up, but could not eat them, I found them so hard and ill-flavoured." I staid with her near an hour, in which time I believe she exclaimed twenty times, "Lord Jesus Christ!" She was painted up to the eyes, and looks quite ghastly and ghostly. She has sent away her English woman, and has only a French valet de chambre and friseur, at which the reverend Doctor is indignant, and with whom the English servants already quarrel. I hope this will not prove ominous of a more general quarrel between the two nations.

I received the parcel by the coach, and thank you for your kind care.

The following epigram I found in the poet Rousseau's works. It is so perfect,

I have a pleasure in transcribing it for you.

Ce monde-ci n'est qu'une œuvre comique,
Où chaucun fait ses rôles differens.
Là sur la scène, en habit dramatique,
Brillent prélats, ministres, conquérans.
Pour nous, vil peuple, assis aux derniers rangs,
Troupe futile, et des grands rebutée,
Par nous d'en bas la pièce est écoutée.
Mais nous payons, utiles spectateurs;
Et quand la farce est mal représentée,
Pour notre argent nous sifflons les acteurs.

Linguet's last number is foolish. As soon as I return I shall call on Mrs. Smith, and thank her for the pretty present of the muff to you. How infinitely amiable is old age when unattended with frowardness, and accompanied with all the goodness of heart and benevolence which distinguish her!

I shall certainly return the next week, and I will fix the day by Tuesday's or Wednesday's post.

I think the wine should be unpacked immediately. You had better hire two men for that purpose directly, and let Francis overlook them, and set down what number of bottles are in each of the six casks. In the cellar the new wine should be separated from the old, and a distinct account taken of each.

Did my dear girl receive the fish, and was it very fine?

The party yesterday to Governor Thickness's did not take place, on account of his illness; so I breakfasted and dined *en famille* with the Breretons.

Here is a tall Welsh Mrs. P—s, beautiful beyond description; but in pity to us she will dance and talk, and thus pours balm into the wounds she gives.

Good morrow, my dearest Polly.

LETTER XXIX.

Bath,
Monday, Jan. 5, 1778.

I HAVE just received the pleasure of my dear daughter's letter of yesterday, and am always most happy to hear of her health.

I am sorry that Mrs. Molineux has had a return of her gout. As soon as I hear of her being here, I shall welcome her arrival.

Molliner desires to come to Prince's Court the Thursday or Saturday after Plough Monday, this day sevennight, the end of their holidays, and I shall write to him accordingly to-morrow to meet me there. His letter is full of the extravagant civilities of the sort of those kind of people.

Mrs. M—— did not see her daughter on her return from France, although she was two days at London, and the young lady is at Blacklands. It is reported here that she said, it was absurd to have children.

Dr. S——g never returned home after the detection. His wife received a letter five days after, in which he only said, she would never see him again.

The Baron has sent me an incomparable French song on D'Eon, but I question if I have courage enough to shew it you, it is of so doubtful a gender, like the subject. I wish for some French game, because it is so acceptable to our friends here.—Poor P—y! *Ye Gods, what havock does ambition make among your works!* I exclaim, when I read your account of his death from the Baron.

Sweet Miss Rian returned to Southampton yesterday.

My regularity always continues, and

is a fort quite impregnable. Lord Kelly makes no attacks now upon it; for, from a fever which seized his Lordship three days ago, he is reduced to very weak negus. His cheerfulness and wit are infinite.

I hope you will receive some fine mutton the middle of the week.

Did you reconnoitre my style in the letter printed in the Public Advertiser of Saturday, about Governor P-wn-ll's epitaph on his wife, who, by the by, was no better than she should be?

Lord Abingdon arrived here on Friday, to my great joy.

I have given little Juliet a copy of Thomson's Seasons, which I had here. I wrote her name in the beginning, thus:

Miss Brereton,

fairer nymph than ever blest
Arcadian stream! Page 95.

Good night, dear Polly.

LETTER XXX.

Bath,
Wednesday, Jan. 7, 1778.

I THINK that I am now so well recovered, my dearest Polly, from the fatigues of my late journey, that after a week more I shall have resolution enough to begin another, like the flying highwayman. I intend to leave Bath next Wednesday, the 14th, and, of course, lie that night, at the Castle in Marlborough. The next day will probably bring me to Salt Hill, and the Friday to dine with my beloved daughter in Prince's Court. This is my present peep into futurity.

I write to Molliner to meet me in Prince's Court on Saturday or Sunday morning, according to his own conveniency.

I have no news of Mrs. Molineux.

The rage of politics is, I think, more violent at Bath than even at London, and nothing is talked of but America, except Kitty Macaulay, who grows worse daily. The Doctor looks stupid and sulky.

Poor Warre has been very ill ever since his arrival at Bath, and one of his legs has been laid open, so that he still keeps his chamber, and passes the day at piquette with Sir Thomas Mills and Mr. Ross. What a miserable existence is this to a man of sense and spirit! I am afraid he buys pleasure very dear, with much pain. I think with Pope,

Let the strict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and serious comedy:
In every scene some moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both please and preach.
Let mine an innocent gay farce appear,
And more diverting still than regular;
Have humour, wit, a native ease and grace,
Tho' not too strictly bound to time and place.

I continue the beaume very regularly, and am now beyond fear of a return of the ague. My regularity, even at Bath, is become a habit, from which I hope, with the *grace efficace*, never to depart.

Dr. Delacour is dangerously ill here. Mrs. D——r is as dull, Mrs. G——n as witty, and Miss D—s as ugly, as good-humoured, and coquettish as ever. I am as much as ever, and more it is not possible to be, your affectionate father.

Adieu!

LETTER XXXI.

Bath,
Thursday, Jan. 8, 1778.

THIS day's post, my dearest Polly, has brought me your favour of Tuesday, which gave me very great pleasure.

I mentioned yesterday my setting out from this place next Wednesday, and my usual stages. I beg you to send me here by Monday night's post, all letters, &c. as I shall not leave Bath on Wednesday till the arrival of the post, and I shall be amused on the road with the newspapers, &c. On Tuesday and Wednesday I wish you to send me the letters and papers directed to me at the *Castle, Salt Hill, Bucks*; as I mean to lie there on Thursday night.

I hope to see Mrs. Molineux well to-morrow night, and will certainly send you an account of her three-days journey, by Saturday's post.

I thought the epigram would highly please you, from its being exquisitely turned.

I hope to convince you on my return that in the true enamel of gold we almost equal the French, from a little bijou I have for my dearest daughter.

Bon jour, chere Euphrosyne.

LETTER XXXII.

Bath,
Saturday, Jan. 10, 1778.

I HAD the pleasure, my dear daughter, of seeing your amiable friend, Mrs. Molineux, yesterday morning at her new lodgings, No. 27, in Milsom Street. She was more expeditious than she intended, for she lay at Speen Hill, and arrived at Bath the second day, Thursday. We talked, as usual, a good deal of the little *lamb*, and all her gentle qualities. I find that she is no favourite with the old Doctor, who asked peevishly "What does Mrs. M. do again at Bath? what does she come for?"—"Health, Doctor; and I hope so valuable a lady will find it." No answer.

To-day I am to dine at the Hamiltons,

by an invitation of Mrs. Hamilton. I intend to carry Miss a ball-ticket of Bartolozzi for our Easter dinner.

I have not heard from Great Alie Street, although I wrote to my brother on new-year's-day, and inquired particularly about my sweet niece.

I wish you to present my duty to my mother, and compliments to all inquiring friends. I received the parcel very safe, and the pheasants fresh and good.

I am now winding up my bottoms for decamping on Wednesday.

Bon jour, ma chere fille.

LETTER XXXIII.

Bath,
Monday, Jan. 12, 1778.

WELL, my dearest daughter, as you confess the influence of *female* curiosity, and are so desirous of seeing the song on the *Chevaliere*—why—I enclose it—with the strict injunction on your *allegiance* to me—of burning it—but you may read it first—and as, it is said, second thoughts are the best, you may preserve it for me till my return.

I thank you for the exact care you took of the *new* wine, and I mean to keep a better look-out after it, as to servants, than I ever did before.

I received all the game, and the pie, in perfect order. I sent Mrs. Molineux a brace of partridges, and a capon,

which she acknowledged to be perfectly fresh.

I dined yesterday at the S——'s with the father, two Miss S——, Mrs. A—, who seems very *sick unto life*, the Colonel, and Mr. B——n; a truly domestic day in a family of no genius or amiableness.

It is not only my opinion, but that of the generality of Mrs. M——'s friends, that her head is affected, and some indiscretions with Dr. G—— are the common topic of conversation.

I have an invitation to dine to-morrow at Dr. W——'s. It came, by the French valet-de-chambre of Mrs. Macaulay, last night, at near eleven. I was really previously engaged, and therefore sent an excuse.

I hope I am now quite delivered from my late cold companion, and that my

little journey to town will quite confirm my health.

As you will not have this letter till Wednesday, and I hope to dine with my dear girl on Friday, I do not intend to write again, but come to you in person, to assure you how very tenderly and affectionately I am ever yours.

Adieu!

LETTER XXXIV.

Castle at Marlborough,
Saturday Night, April 11, 1778.

I AM, indeed, arrived at Marlborough, my dearest Polly, but the Alderman is so exhausted and fatigued, so *epuisé, et rendu*, that I could not have force enough to keep the pen between

my fingers, if I did not exert myself in a particular way for you, more than I should be able for any other person—even any other female, in the world. I shall never undertake such a journey again in so short a time, unless to meet you—then I should do it with pleasure.

The sun was really too powerful to-day, as his beams came directly upon me; but after a long, dead winter, I hailed, with rapture, his genial influence; and though the dust, from Hounslow quite to this place, was extremely troublesome, yet, as a dry spring is thought best for England, I comforted myself, like a good patriot, under that private and personal inconvenience.

I mean to rise to-morrow at seven, if the excess of fatigue to-day will allow the quitting my bed so soon, and, if I am not driven to a long halt to-morrow at the Devizes, I shall certainly acquaint

my beloved daughter of my arrival at Bath, by to-morrow's post. How you can justify it to your conscience not to accompany an *aged father* on such an expedition, I do not readily comprehend, no more than your accepting presents, you, a patriot's daughter, from a French dutchess, when we are on the eve of a war with the *whole house of Bourbon.* I desire, by the return of the post, you would endeavour to explain these things as well as you can, for I despair of a satisfactory solution of either of them, but I dare say I shall find much ingenuity, perhaps a little sophistry.

I have a curiosity to see the *Courier Politique et Litteraire* for *last Friday* and *next Tuesday.* I wish my dear girl to send Francis for those two numbers. They are sold at Yeates and Robinson's, in Panton Street, near the Haymarket, at fourpence each. I only wish

those two papers, not the continuation, and that you would enclose them to me by the post, cutting the margins.

Good night, dear Polly: just ready to fall into the arms of—sleep.

Adieu!

LETTER XXXV.

Bath,
Sunday, April 12, 1778.

CONSTANCY! thy name is Wilkes: and constancy to Huncamunca is a prodigy, a miracle of the latter ages, and yet literally true. I am here again, in Miss Temple's lodgings, in Gallway's Buildings, and my fair landlady has been just dropping me such a broad-wheel curtesey, that I trembled for the floor, and the floor trembled likewise.

I wrote to you last night from Marlborough, and, notwithstanding my violent exertions, I rose this morning at six, and was able to attack a large roll with success, on the strength of which I proceeded to this capital of health and folly.

I find Bath very thin for the spring season, and I believe the embodying of the militia in so many counties will deprive the harpies here of a good deal of their prey. I have no news yet of the *amiable couple* at —— House, but my next letter will give you a little history of all your acquaintance here.

I wish you to send me the last Saturday's number of the *Espion François à Londres*, when you make a packet by the coach or diligence.

I was much surprised to find the spring more advanced every where in the country than in your park, and the immediate

environs of London. The sweet infants of the spring are here raising their beauteous heads above the dull earth, and the groves charm already with the music of the feathered choristers, which are still more harmonious than the feathered females in the upper or lower rooms.

I wish you to send me the enclosed number of a new work ; for a new map of the world for sixpence is the cheapest thing I know.

My affectionate duty to my dear mother, and compliments to all inquiring friends.

Adieu, dear Euphrosyne.

LETTER XXXVI.

Gallway's Buildings,
Monday, April 13, 1778.

I DINED here yesterday, my dearest Polly, with my amiable friend Colonel Whitmore, and another officer; but I was greatly hurt to see the poor Colonel so racked with the gout, that in intervals only could he possess himself enough to enjoy company. In the evening I went to the lower rooms, and drank tea with an old tabby dowager, a Lady Charlemont, a Mrs. Merrick, who inquired much after you, and the little Juliet, who forgot the gentleness of her nature in her reproofs of my coming without you. The master of the ceremonies threatened me, that I should not be admitted any more without a lady,

who did honour he said wherever she went.

Poor Doctor M——! The mind is the same, but its case is dreadfully shattered. Yet he was in the rooms last night. Methinks a total retirement under such circumstances would more gracefully close the scene. The chapter of *Strulbugs*, in Swift, is the best cure I know of the foolish wish of too long life. Dr. W——, too, is half gone, and it would scarcely be a sin to bury him as he is. I paid my respects to him this morning, and found him trembling at once with eagerness and age. Mrs. M—— was not at home, but I have since had a card in print from her: "Mrs. M.'s compliments to Mr. W. Mrs. M. will be at home every Thursday to tea and cards." This is all the news I have of Bath.

Good morrow, dearest Polly,

LETTER XXXVII.

No. 5, Gallway's Buildings,
Wednesday, April 15, 1778.

I AM undoubtedly the greatest fop at Bath, or the most perfect *macaronissimo* of the age, that an amiable young lady begins her letter to me about a *coat*, and, very pleasingly I own, laughs about the "*froc François du patriote Anglois.*" This is very witty too, and the contrast happy; but the young lady, who talks so to me, is Mademoiselle *Aldermania*, the daughter, as I flatter myself, of the Alderman of Farringdon Without.

Will you be so good now, gravely, dear Polly, to keep *this same froc* in town till my return, after paying the necessary expenses attending the carriage, &c. &c. and I hope to have the plea-

sure of attending you to *Ranelagh* in it more than once this season. But would you have me a *turn-coat*, from *red* to *blue*, from *blue* to *red?*

I wish to know who the Lord — Gordon is who has attacked Lord North in so unwarrantable a manner, and talked not only of dirty, but "villanous" contracts, a word even our parliamentary ears have not yet heard. Can it be Lord George Gordon, brother to the Duke, member for Luggershall?

We have had the finest weather imaginable ever since my arrival.

I called at Hoare's to-day, about the picture of Mrs. Cox. He was gone to Stourton, but returns to-morrow, when I will see him.

My last speech *a fait fortune ici.*

Good night, dear daughter.

Be so good to send me the epigram, "*Il craint le grillade, comme un dindon.*"

LETTER XXXVIII.

Saturday, April 18, 1778.

"EXEMPLARY in the dissipated place I am gone to *convert*." Did I ever, dear Polly, talk of *converting* the sinners here? I should almost as soon undertake *converting* the ministerial sinners I have left behind. Besides, charity begins at home. Should I not first *convert* myself? But, perhaps you think me so good already, I have no need of any change. I am not quite of this opinion, and, if *Voltaire* was here, I should say to him, with the Chevalier de Boufflers,

> *Convertissez*-moi, je vous prie,
> Vous en avez tant *pervertie*.

The trait of the Maréchal de Biron does honour to human nature. It is one of the greatest actions of this age; and its intrinsic merit, in my idea, out-

weighs all the military splendour of the great exploits of the famous Maréchal de Biron under Henry IV. I have known many instances of greatness of soul in Englishmen: I am sorry to say, few, very few, in our gay, polite neighbours; but this is of the first water.

I wish the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and common council, a digestion of their Easter feast as good as their appetite, and have a few things in life to regret more than my loss of the city custard.

The great fishmonger here has packed up a pair of the finest soles I ever saw, which I hope you will receive perfectly fresh. The next week I shall have the pleasure of sending you some delicate Welsh mutton.

Bon jour, belle Marie.

LETTER XXXIX.

Thursday, April 23, 1778.

My dear, amiable Polly, I approve every thing you do and say, and you judged about the bed in my room with your usual propriety and justice. I thank you for your kind attention to such an object, and, indeed, to every thing in which my comfort and pleasure are concerned. The greatest blessing which Heaven can bestow on any man, is a daughter like you—unless, indeed, it be the favoured mortal who can call you his by a still closer connexion, and be perpetuated by another resemblance of yourself and him; which would complete my happiness, as a father.

We had snow here for three hours

yesterday, and ice half an inch thick this morning.

I sent you yesterday some most delicate Welsh mutton and a cheese, which must be kept four days after its arrival.

I beg you to accept the enclosed piece of thin paper. If it had been adequate to your merit, the figures would have been 10,000,000 sterling: but we poor patriots have little to give except wishes; but to you they come warm from the heart, which is your empire.

Lord Coventry and Mr. Jekyll are both arrived. On Saturday I am to dine at Alfred House, to-day with Mr. Plunkett.

Good morrow, my beloved Polly.

LETTER XL.

Saturday, April 25, 1778.

POLLY, dear, sweet Polly, I have got a new coat, and it is all blue, and it has a fine gold edging, and I have a fine silk waistcoat, and it is all ribbed, and is blue, and has likewise a gold edging, and I have small-clothes all blue, and fine mother-of-pearl buttons, in every one of which you might see your pretty face. Now I intend to go to Ranelagh, with you, in this same fine waistcoat and coat, but then you must have a new gown, or all the fine folks will jeer me; therefore, as I am preparing for my return, you must call at Mr. Redhead's, and have a fine new gown made immediately, and then I will go with you the first day you choose.

I thank your for your letter of Thursday. Pray return the fair widow, not my *compliment*, but my *love, tender love.*

I was much pleased with the elegant idea of Mrs. Warkman, respecting the locket; and the memory of Miss Polly, I am sure, will always be dear to you, as well as to all her other true friends.

To-day I dine with Mrs. Macaulay and the Doctor. To-morrow, being Sunday, I travel to Bristol, to have the benefit of your prayers, but return in the evening.

Lord Irnham came here last night, and breakfasted here this morning with Mr. Mrs. and sweet Juliet Brereton, and a Miss Newman, young, ugly, and amiable.

Bon jour.

LETTER XLI.

Tuesday.

I RECEIVED, my dearest Polly, the pleasure of your little note yesterday, but had not time to thank you for it. Lord Irnham tells every body that he comes to Bath to see Wilkes, and so I engross him. Yesterday we went to Kitty M———'s, as she is still called, instead of the grave, dull, Mrs. Catharine, and, indeed, yesterday she looked as rotten as an old catharine-pear. Lord I. was disgusted with her manner, &c. Darley has just published a new caricatura of her and the Doctor, which she owns has vexed her to the heart. It is worth your buying.

Brereton's ball is on Friday. I mean to assist at it, and to leave Bath on Sa-

turday; but I fancy that I shall return to town by Stourton, and Salisbury, which is only thirty miles out of my way, if I am ever out of my way. I am out of the way of pleasure when I am not with my dearest daughter. Be so good to send me the news, &c. here, by Thursday's post, but not after. You will have my whole plan to-morrow or Thursday; but the end of the next week, if not sooner, I shall return to my excellent daughter.

I am going to dine with Mr. Cruger.

Good morrow: continue to love me, dearest Polly.

LETTER XLII.

Stourton,
Sunday, May 3, 1778.

I LEFT Bath, my dear daughter, yesterday noon, and came across the country to this terrestrial paradise; but as I could not get horses at Frome, I was obliged to come on with the same fatigued animals, which brought me here. A deluge of rain has descended upon this drowned country ever since yesterday morning, and I despair of a gleam of sunshine to view the beauties of Stourhead. I am ready to exclaim every moment with my old friend Armstrong,

> And is it fix'd in the decrees above
> That lofty Albion melt into the main?

I must give you a Bath anecdote about

myself, which has been much the subject of conversation. Mrs. G—nv-lle and Miss are detested at Bath, almost universally. Last Thursday, at Bath Easton, some satirical lines were read, against several Bath ladies, and concluding with *Mrs. Gr. and Miss,* like the arrivals in a Bath newspaper. They were supposed to come from Mr. Jekyll. Mrs. Gr. was outrageous. I had not heard the verses, nor knew the circumstance, but, Friday morning, walking on the North Parade, with some ladies, who treated the Gr-nv-lles in a very free manner, one of them asked me, if I had been at Bath Easton, and remembered the verses, which concluded *Mrs. Gr-nv-lle and Miss.* I thought it a strange end of a line, but said, laughing, I was there, and remembered the lines, but totally disapproved them. It was insisted I should

repeat them, and *sur le champ* I said they were,

To be hated by all, and still do amiss,
You have only to copy Mrs. Gr-nv-lle and Miss.

The two lines were applauded and remembered. Lord Kilmory, who does not love Governor Gr-nv-lle, or any of the family, wrote them down, and they were liked at Bath from the gratification they afforded to malevolence. I denied them of course, as they were not copied exact, and said they were improper and untrue, as I heard *Mrs. Gr-nv-lle and Miss* were universally beloved—a laugh from the company—and unexceptionable—again laughter, holding both his sides. The Duke de Pignatelli told me, he thought Miss G. the worst-bred young woman in Europe. He was not contradicted. Yet she has had every advantage of education; but pride, ill-

breeding, absurdity, rudeness, and even awkwardness, constitute her character. Jekyll told me his lines describing Bath were,

M-cc-rtn-y, M-c—l-y, and what's more than this, Mrs. Wight, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Gr-nv-lle and Miss.

But he added, My verses are only humour, yours are satire, equally true and keen. How edifying is the conduct of Mr. Alderman Wilkes to Mr. Hoare, who lives in his ward! I have been this morning at church, and heard a really good sermon on Faith, Hope, and Charity, three sweet sisters, the eldest of which, however, I know little of; but the other two good girls are my favourites, and I wish always to dwell with me. I have since seen Mr. Hoare's house, which contains many excellent pictures. The views from it are exquisite. The house itself is a good gentleman's house, and

within the last three years he has added a gallery at one end, which has an happy effect, and is well furnished with paintings. I have been through the ridings, and very highly entertained, notwithstanding the mizzling rain, which still continues. I never beheld the beauties of nature so well set off by a judicious taste of ornament as here, and art joins in through the whole, without being too conspicuous. The verdure is more perfect than I ever saw that tender emerald green, of which Gray speaks. Wood, lawn, water, hill, plain, form this beauteous landscape, happily joined.

I forgot to mention that last Thursday I went with a party to Corsham, nine miles from Bath, to see Mr. Methuen's pictures, the collection of the famous Sir Paul Methuen. The next visit you pay to Bath, pray remember to go there. There are three portraits of Sir Joshua

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Reynolds, of which the colouring has entirely faded, and only his inimitable grace remains. The collection has some of the finest pictures in Europe.

I intend to lie to-morrow at the Antelope in Salisbury, and hope to be with you, dear Polly, on Wednesday evening.

I enclose a letter for Mrs. Heartley, which I wish you to send to the general post.

The bells rung here two hours for me, and, what is wonderful, no ringers have been to make their appearance. At Frome the whole town was in an uproar. I think I am a public nuisance, and, therefore, I will banish myself from hence to-morrow early.

Good night, dear Polly. Continue to love me.

Mrs. Cox's picture is found by Mr. Hoare, and it resembles her even now. He means to finish, and send it her.

LETTER XLIII.

Monday, Aug. 31, 1778.

PRINCE'S COURT is become, my dear Polly, as much out of favour with me as the King's court. It has lost its grace and charm, and has little to recommend it since Saturday: yet I have a fair hope of its recovering its lustre, a circumstance not probable for the other court.

I received the favour of your letter, and am happy that you had a good journey. I sent the note, with a post letter of this day, to Mrs. Molineux, at Carshalton, and will take care of that to Monsieur Moreau to-morrow. The French post arrived this afternoon, but brought us no letters.

I dined on Saturday with Mr. Burke,

and the favourite. There was no other company. It was a quiet day. I returned to town between nine and ten.

Lord George Gordon breakfasted here this morning, and is commencing a political writer of real merit.

I am glad the *box* arrived safe. You say, "nothing is like *two* directions." What are *three* like?

My mother sends me word, that she is quite recovered. I intend to congratulate her this evening.

I wish you to preserve the Gazetteer of this day on accouut of the first letter in it.

Adieu, my dear daughter; remember my particular compliments to Mrs. Warkman.

LETTER XLIV.

Prince's Court,
Wednesday, Sept. 2, 1778.

We have been indefatigable here, my dear Polly, in our endeavours to beautify this old mansion, and the painters have already made a considerable progress. I have given the maids a furlough each of three days. Mary went into Suffolk this morning, and Sarah is to go on Saturday. I have dined at home alone every day, and been extremely occupied in the troublesome business of arranging books and papers. I have still two days more hard work.

I saw my mother yesterday in good health and spirits. She desires me to thank you for your affectionate remembrance.

I shall send you the Public Advertiser with other papers, but I wish you to save them, and to bring them with you to town.

We have no news of any kind. The letter of Samuel Adams in this day's General Advertiser is well worth your perusal.

I received, and forwarded, yesterday Mrs. Molineux's three letters, to Mrs. Case, Mrs. Beckingham, and Sam.

I hope to send you some venison the end of the week. I feed on mutton, and press the pillow every night at ten, awaking to the dulness of the day, till you chase it away, between six and seven.

I am more than I can tell you yours.

Good night, dear Polly.

LETTER XLV.

Saturday, Sept. 5, 1778.

I was made very happy yesterday, my dear Polly, by your letter, and my mind has been freed from the anxiety which I suffered all Thursday.

I am glad you had an agreeable tour to Mrs. Chamier's, and hope you will make frequent excursions around the cheerful country.

We are very busy in preparing every thing for your reception. The parlour will be finished this evening, and the hall on Monday. The drawing-room is so dirty, that I have been persuaded to have it painted, and it is to be finished by Thursday night. The smell, however, I fear, will continue three or four days after, so that I think my dear daugh-

ter had better contrive not to return to Prince's Court till Monday sevennight, at least to stay. I shall continue in town the whole time.

I sent you yesterday some venison, which I hope proved very fine.

I wrote a card to my mother yesterday, and requested her acceptance of Milton's prose works, to which she returned the enclosed polite note.

Your impatience about the fleets will probably soon be gratified, for it seems agreed that they are in sight of each other.

Mr. Butler dined here yesterday, and to-morrow goes to Ireland for a month.

I saw Governor Johnstone's favourite yesterday. She says that he is very active as a naval officer against the Americans, and believes has a man of war given him, which I own surprises me, because, in the letter of the commis-

sioners to the Congress, which he signed, it is said, "we cannot take any part in the active operations of the war." He was sent to negotiate, not to fight; to endeavour peace, not to continue the war.

I have, since I wrote the above, received my dear girl's letter of yesterday. I pity the people of Epsom for devoting so many hours to the dullest of all amusements, cards, which reduce the whole species to a level. A party of twenty-five is terrible in this sultry season.

I sent the note to Mrs. Gordon. The young lady is better.

Good night.

LETTER XLVI.

Tuesday, Sept. 8, 1778.

I HAD the pleasure of your letter, my dearest Polly, yesterday; and I leave to your prudence every arrangement relative to your return. The sooner that takes place, greatly the more to my wish and happiness, but I fear for your delicacy the disagreeable smell of the paint. Mrs. Gordon forbids your coming till Monday; you will decide for yourself, and perhaps you might lie a night or two at Mrs. Molineux's, in Berkeley Street, on this emergency. In all cases I am here fixed to the soil, most happy to receive you.

I shall send no more newspapers after to-day, but wait your directions.

It is fixed for me to dine at Mr. Wal-

pole's at Carshalton next Sunday, but I go in the morning, and return in the evening.

I rejoice that the venison proved so fine.

I have taken care of the letters.

Adieu, my dear daughter.

LETTER XLVII.

ORDERS

For our trusty and well-beloved MARY WILKES, *of Prince's Court, Westminster, Spinster.*

1. YOU are to pay the most particular attention to the health of our dear daughter, and if she returns home late in an evening, you are to take care

that she be clothed very warm, and that both the glasses of the coach be kept up.

II. You are to acquaint her, that we shall find a real pleasure in complying with all her wishes and desires for the city of Bath, whether they extend to any kind of bijoux, or are more limited to the other various kinds of produce of that place, for herself, or her friends.

III. Whereas we have received information, that several kinds of game are coming from France, for our great comfort; we authorize you to detain for your own use, whatever quantity you judge proper, and of each sort, as likewise any French pie or pies, Maroles, Rochefort, or other cheeses.

IV. Whereas we have at various and sundry times, received the greatest entertainment from letters written by our said dear daughter, you are hereby required to declare to her, that the most

pleasing things we can see till our return to our Court, near the Park, will be her hand-writing, and therefore you are to warn her to be frequent in so obliging an act towards us.

v. Whereas Heaven has been pleased to continue to my family a most valuable parent, of a considerable age, you are to give the satisfaction of knowing the state of health of a person who so deeply interests not only us, her near relatives, but all who know her; and this you are enjoined to do frequently.

vi. Whereas this climate is charged with gross vapours, and at this season nature looks melancholy, and every thing holds a most dreary aspect, you are commanded in our absence to cultivate only the most cheerful company, and to assist frequently at those amusements *only*, which are calculated to inspire gay ideas,

and to make yourself as happy, as those will be, who are with you.

Given at our *Castle* on the brow of *Speen Hill*, this nineteenth day of December, 1778.

PAPA WILKES.

LETTER XLVIII.

No. 5, Gallway's Buildings, Bath, Sunday, Dec. 20, 1778.

I STEPT into the post-chaise this morning at day-break, my dear Polly, and arrived here at four. I wrote to you last night from Speen Hill, where I passed the night. I never saw a more beautiful morning; all the colours of Claude Lorraine's landscapes, all the illuminations of the French opera, were

faint, and absolutely dead, to this wonder of the great Author of nature. I cannot conceive any thing more sublime or beautiful. Quite to this place I was favoured with the smiles of heaven; and it is no compliment from a father to tell you, that if you had been in the post-chaise with me, to have enjoyed these glorious objects, I should have been quite happy. I never saw any thing equal. Even Berton was wonderfully struck.

I beg your acceptance of the enclosed very trifle.

I have not my old apartments here, which are occupied by a Rev. Dr. Lewes, the brother of Sir Watkin; but I continue in other apartments under the same roof, with the same Christian *Fatima* of a landlady. I shall give you more particulars by the next post, but I would not omit by this, to assure my beloved daughter, that I am affectionately, &c. &c. &c.

My good mother will contrive for my dear Polly about the enclosed, if there should be any occasion.

Good night.

LETTER XLIX.

Bath,
Monday, Dec. 21, 1778.

After my letter to you, my dear Polly, I dressed and went to Alfred House. The coffee-house had more charms for the Doctor, than the late habitation of Mrs. M———, and he was there. The old servant would have persuaded me to have suffered him to acquaint his master, that I was there, but I refused. This morning I received early the enclosed card from the Doctor,

but as I was engaged for Friday, the party is put off till Saturday, when I am to dine at ———. I was there to-day, and had a long conversation with the Doctor, who is outrageous, and is thoroughly convinced *from facts* of the lady's former intimacy with Dr. ——, and he thinks her a monster. He read me her *long* letter the day of her marriage, as supposed just before the celebration; it contains every variety of style: it is indecent, insolent, mean, fawning, threatening, coaxing, menacing, and declamatory. Such words I believe never escaped a female pen. The Doctor's answers are short and pithy, that her character is gone, and that she shall never again come to A———, nor will he ever see her. He has discharged all the servants she recommended. The old servant, whom she hated, and ineffectually often urged him to discharge,

is now in high favour. The house the Doctor owns to be hers, but detains it, by the advice of *three* lawyers, till she reimburses him the immense sums he had paid on her account, which he says are twice the value of the house. The Doctor I suppose can never forgive her expressions, and his love seems turned to rage and hatred. He looks ten years older than in April, but says that he is happy in the congratulations of all the world. I am treated as the declared favourite.

This is all the news, dear daughter, of to-day. Yesterday I wrote to you, and enclosed a trifling Bath bill.

I thank you for your little note of Saturday, and hope you will send me still better news on Monday. I dined to-day at Major Molesworth's, with a large party, who all send you their compliments.

Adieu, dear Polly.

LETTER L.

Bath,
Tuesday, Dec. 22, 1778.

I BEG the favour of you, my dear Polly, to accept a pair of very fine soles, and a beautiful *piper*—I must *pay the piper* too, but I do it with pleasure for you—I remember your jokes on my marked partiality for Bath mutton, but I hope to convert you, and the true way would be by sending you some super-excellent, which I trust that I shall be able to do by the end of the week.

All the things, which you packed so well, came without the least damage; but one of the prints packed by Doughty, had the glass broken.

The ink-stand I have found out all the contrivances of, and it is not only per-

fectly convenient, but very beautiful on my chimney-piece.

Mrs. ———, as I passed through Prince's Court, desired me to call on her sister, and to acquaint you how she was. I met her yesterday in her morning walk. She seemed in very good spirits, but her face was more that of a leper than of a person only afflicted with a northern scurvy. You will of course soften this to her, but to me she appeared in an alarming state.

I beg you to remember me very dutifully and affectionately to my good mother, and kindly to our good neighbour Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Molineux, &c. &c.

The Rev. Dr. ———, Sir ———'s elder brother, with a better estate and understanding than Sir ———, had my old apartments here, and I have Colonel Whitmore's, who is moved to another

house of Miss Temple's. I dine with the Doctor on Thursday, and Mrs. Lewes, a good woman, a natural daughter of the late Lord Northington.

Good night, dearest daughter.

LETTER LI.

Thursday, Dec. 24, 1778.

I, WHO am a most profound politician, would advise you, my dearest Polly, to commend exceedingly the Bath mutton and cheese, which you will receive to-morrow; because, if you hesitate even, you may be embroiled with the good people of Bath, and it is a chance if they will suffer either one or the

other to come safe to your hands in future.

More truth circulates here than at London, for in the capital I read that the Alderman of Farringdon Ward Without is very ill, whereas he is known here to be very well. I will therefore no longer implicity believe the London Evening Post.

Dr. Wilson I saw yesterday, and he inquired kindly after you. On Saturday he gives a dinner to Mr. Mullett, Mr. Diggs, and Mr. Wilkes, and I think from the variety of matter he is ready to produce, it cannot fail of being a day of high entertainment. Last night I was at ———, but Lord North more than Mrs. G—— did the honours of the *learned* and *pious* Doctor's conversation, whose card I hope you received.

Many thanks for your letter of Monday night.

To-day I dined with the Rev. Dr. ——, a sensible man with an affected wife, a natural daughter of the late Lord ——.

Instead of soles, I find Hancock sent you several whitings; but the profane wretch *swears* they were that day better than Bath soles. Were they good, dear Polly?

I go to bed every night before eleven. Are you so exemplary? How many *chapters* have you read in my absence? *That* is the only reading you want.

Adieu!

LETTER LII.

Christmas Day, 1778.

AFTER wishing my dear daughter all the cheerful compliments of this merry season, I add my thanks for the care about the newspapers, and the paper from Mr. Dalby, and the good Major.

I do not despair of your reading in print the curious letter of Mrs. M—— to Dr. ——. I have hinted, that as she complains loudly of the Doctor as having treated her unkindly, he might let her tell her own story to the world, which would be his full justification. Not a syllable is mentioned about Miss M——— by the Doctor. There are no traces of either remaining at Alfred House, but in the memory of the Doctor.

I have not yet received any basket, but I suppose I shall this evening.

Saturday, Dec. 26.

I have just received the great pleasure of my dear Polly's letter of *Thursday* night, and the London Evening Post. By some accident the Public Advertiser and Gazetteer of *that day* have miscarried. I shall therefore be obliged to you to order them to be purchased, and sent me, as likewise the pamphlet, whose title is on the enclosed paper.

You are a prophetess:—yesterday we had a most cheerful day. We dined at near six, and parted at ten, yet the *tea* flowed in copious streams to my thirsty lips this morning. Lord Kelly only is arrived of that set. Mr. Fullarton comes on Tuesday. Mr. Warre is detained in town.

I beg you to make my best congra-

tulations to my good mother, on the season; and to assure her of the happiness I feel in hearing of her health.

No news yet of the basket.

Colonel Whitmore is wheeled about Bath in his chair, but is in very good spirits. He declares that Kitty will certainly poison Mr. ——— in a month. He apologizes for not marrying her, that no mortal nose can bear her long. I answer, "You will be sooner in heaven. Do men marry for their pleasure? This world is only a state of mortification to prepare for the next. We should be weaned from sublunary things. You have lost an opportunity of soon arriving perhaps in St. Paul's *third heaven*. When the poor victim is sacrificed, when ——'s corpse is carried down to Edinburgh, will you take the fair widow by the hand, and lead her up the front aisle of a church to the altar?"—"No,

Wilkes, *positively* no."—" Colonel, you are a *positive* man, so I find it is in vain to persuade you; and what can be done, as I am a married man myself?"—" Let her have ——."—" Oh! fie, Colonel, fie!"

After this day's dinner at ——, I shall probably send you some more curious anecdotes.

We have here exceedingly fine weather. Not a drop of rain has fallen where I have been since I left town.

I continue, thank Heaven, in perfect health.

The ruffles came safe.

I shall be obliged to you for the two manuscripts about Rousseau, which shall be carefully preserved.

My compliments to the good Berkeley Street widow, and to Miss.

Adieu, dear Polly.

LETTER LIII.

Sunday, Dec. 27, 1778.

YESTERDAY I dined, my dear Polly, at Alfred House, with the Doctor, Mr. Hartley, member for Hull, Mr. Mullett, and two other gentlemen. The Doctor insisted on my being at his right hand, and told the company, *that* should always be my place, that I should be his right hand, as I was in his heart. He treated me with a kind distinction the whole day. Mr. Mullett tells me of a letter lately from Mr. S——— to the Doctor, in which he gives an account of his finding his sister and Dr. ——— at breakfast, at Canterbury, in a matrimonial way; that he seized —— by the collar, turned him down stairs, and told him, that if he did not immediately re-

turn to London, he would shoot him through the head, and added to Mrs. ———, that she was so abandoned a woman, Miss ——— should not stay with her, and that he would take care of her; that however he had forgiven her at that time, but that at present he considered her as in the last degree infamous.

No news yet of the basket.

I received the four pair of ruffles, and thank you for that care.

I sent Mrs. Molineux's letter to Mrs. Martin.

The Public Advertiser and Gazetteer of Thursday arrived this morning, instead of yesterday.

It has frozen very hard the two last nights at Bath.

Adieu!

LETTER LIV.

Monday, Dec. 28, 1778.

I SUSPECT, my dear Polly, that I made a mistake about the *basket*, and that you only meant the *basket* which I brought with me in the chaise, the *contents* of which came very safe, being packed most excellently. I have not received any basket since my arrival.

I wish you to send me the publications of Friday, the *Remembrancer*, &c. being the first of the month and the year, as I am desirous of knowing what farther Almon has to give respecting America, &c.

I inquired about the price of the little globe in a case, which I gave you. The man of whom I bought it says that I paid half a guinea for it, and that he has

no more, or I should have brought you one for your friend.

I am glad your fish was so various and so good. I hope Bath will derive as much credit from the mutton and cheese.

On Wednesday I shall send my dear daughter a note. I have now only to wish her a good night, and to mention that Sir Watkin and Lady Lewes are here in their way to the Principality.

Adieu!

LETTER LVI.

Bath,
Thursday, Dec. 31, 1778.

Je suis furieusement scandalisé, ma très chere fille, de votre remarque sur la naissance d'une *Princesse* en France. Vous dites, " Il faut espérer que son auguste epoux sera plus *habile* la premiere fois." Comment donc, est-ce que je n'ai pas été bien *habile*, quand j'ai fait un chef-d'œuvre neuf mois avant votre naissance, une creation de ma part que je ne changerois pas pour toutes les autres choses creés? Et vous, petit ange, vous osez me reprocher que je ne suis pas assez *habile!* Eh! bien, je suis content, et contentement passe richesse. Voilà une bonne consolation pour un pauvre patriote.

Vous remarquez aussi, " Voilà qui est à recommencer." Est-il possible que son auguste epoux peut faire encore risquer sa vie à sa chere moitié, et qu'elle devienne encore une fois la belle victime de ses heureux caprices?

Now I shall prove, dear Polly, in English, that our neighbouring monarch is *habile*. The English proverb says, and proverbs are the wisdom of nations, " Every boy can have a boy, but it must be a man to have a girl." Well, I would not change my girl for any boy in Europe.

I received the account of Rousseau, which I have lent Mrs. Drax.

The symptoms you mention, as still remaining of a near relation, make me think there is still danger.

I should chide my dear girl for sending me all the French game. I should have been better pleased, if you had detained

a good part. I desire you would of the next parcel. I received twelve partridges, four hares, and two capons. I received likewise the parcel with the pamphlets: that respecting Lord Howe is truly interesting.

I sent Dr. Wilson some game, and we are to dine together to-morrow at Mr. Cruttwell's, a staunch patriot.

At the close of this year, I must thank my beloved daughter for all the tender marks of affectionate duty which she has shewn me through the whole of it, and wish her a long succession of fortunate years.

Adieu!

LETTER LVII.

Bath,
Sunday, Jan. 3, 1779.

I RECEIVED this morning, my dear Polly, the parcel of the "Remembrancer, &c." and thank you much for your care about it. I should have written to you yesterday, but was deeply engaged at —— House. The Doctor paints in strong colours, Mrs. ———'s avowed plan of the Doctor's keeping house for them, and the husband practising surgery at Bath; but he adds that he is sure it could not have lasted long, for she would have *poisoned* him, as Miss Blandy did her father, and forged a will in her own favour. He says, that he has now had time to find out, that her late History is very false and incor-

rect. I believe it is not possible for any consideration to induce the Doctor ever to see Mrs. ——— again. He declares that he has not a friend, who does not join in congratulating him on his deliverance.

I hope to send you to-morrow a basket of fine fish. I mean to leave Bath the 16th, to lie at Marlborough that night, Saturday; and the next day to be in Prince's Court, to eat a late Sunday dinner; so that I shall be ready for the Queen's birth-day the 18th, and the call of the House on the 19th. If any thing transpires about Keppel or Palliser, be so good to let me know. They engage the public attention here as much as in the capital.

I am glad you kept the Suffolk turkey, and hope it proved excellent. If a French pie arrives, I wish you to send it to Great Alie Street; if game, only a part to Bath.

Lady Lewes was gone from Bath before your last letter arrived. Mr. Fullarton came last night. I hope Mr. Hampden has the spirit of a Hampden.

Adieu!

LETTER LVIII.

Bath,
Monday, Jan. 4, 1779.

I HAVE just received the pleasure of my dear Polly's letter, and I own that she has removed a part of the immense load of scandal which was brought on by the remarks on the birth of the French princess. I was, I confess, not a little hurt at first, by such a free observation on a crowned head, on one of

the Lord's anointed, for all of whom I have a reverenee approaching to adoration, as being the representatives of the Deity on earth, although not quite so beneficent; and then it was unneighbourly as well as ungodly, to a monarch just the other side the Pas de Calais, and a *Most Christian* prince. My mind is however now at ease.

I am sorry you lost so many hours of sleep by the storm of Thursday. Its fury was very great here, even in the lower town, and several people were killed by the fall of chimnies at Bristol.

I received this morning two more pair of ruffles.

I have not once been out of bed at eleven at night, and, excepting a trifling cold, continue perfectly well.

I am glad your attendance has so much pleased a female relation of ours. If she had any sense of your exalted merit,

or feeling of gratitude on her own account, she would do something great for you.

In the London Magazine, which you sent me, were *two* prints by mistake of the state car, built for the Nabob of Arcot. I enclosed one of them to the little Drax, and I send you the other, with a copy of the verses I wrote upon the print for her.

My duty to my mother, homage to the Dutchess, compliments to Mrs. and Miss Molineux, &c. &c.

Adieu, dearest Polly.

LETTER LIX.

Bath,
Tuesday, Jan. 5, 1779.

Suite de la petite Galanterie entre une Demoiselle de 12 *Ans, et un Patriote de* 53.

The day after the print of the *car* was received, the patriot had the honour of the following letter.

Sir, how can I without reproach
Parade it in a Nabob's coach?
Sure such a sight was never seen,
A little girl turn'd *Indian Queen*;
Dress'd out in diamonds, pearls, and silks;
So far—I thank you, Mister Wilkes:
But then moreover—oh! good lack!
My hands and face must be all black.
No, thank you, Sir—I 'll walk afoot,
Rather than be a Queen of Soot.

The patriot returned the above lines to the papa, by the same servant, with a note, that he intrusted him with such a treasure only till the evening, and wrote at the end of the foregoing lines:

Your hands and face are lily white,
But those black eyes would suit him quite;
Nor has he diamonds he would prize,
Equal to those refulgent eyes.

LETTER LX.

Bath,
Thursday, Jan. 7, 1779.

I was made very happy this morning, my dear Polly, by your letter of Tuesday; for as you did not write on Monday, and Sunday likewise had intervened, it was a long interval, which I regretted. That little uneasiness is passed, and I thank you for all the entertainment of your letter. You join more pleasing talents than the impartiality of nature ought to bestow on any one person.

——— House is in great disorder. Mrs. ———'s woman is arrived, and the Doctor, with the aid of a patriotic bookseller, is separating all his books from hers, and her clothes are looking out

by the Doctor's male servants. I postpone my visits till this scene is closed; but be it known *unto* you, that I am still first favourite. If it holds, *tant mieux pour une certaine demoiselle.*

I send you a country loaf of brown bread, as I think exquisite, made by a baker three miles from hence, but as the Scripture says, *it is not by bread alone,* you will find in the same basket a brace of woodcocks, and some fish from Hancock. Woodcocks are here very scarce and dear, half a guinea a couple. These were given me by Colonel Whitmore, and I think them remarkably fine.

Berton has behaved so well here, and been so perfectly sober, that I gave him two louis for etrennes, and have now quite pardoned all sins and transgressions of wine, &c. in former times.

I have already put by Abbé Coyer's "Voyages d'Italie et de Hollande," to

bring my dear daughter according to her desire.

Many congratulations to the widow on the return of her birthday.

I beg you to remember my very affectionate duty to my good mother.

I have not heard a syllable from, or of, Mr. Bull.

The memorial from the twelve admirals to the King seems to be ill-drawn and ill-judged: a petition without a prayer, a libel on Palliser, whom I hate; but a libel, if ever a libel was written by this pen, and false in two instances.

I wish your *Abbot Coyer* was more than *Monsieur l'Abbé*, and possessed more than one rich *abbaïe*.

If you have time, I wish you to transcribe the Baron's account of the Pretender, to shew a gentleman here, without naming the author.

My resolution continues of paying my personal compliments to you on Sunday evening the 17th.

Good night, dearest Polly.

LETTER LXI.

Saturday, Jan. 9, 1779.

A—— HOUSE has been in as great a tumult, my dear Polly, as Prince's Court, and the neighbouring Park, when a certain amiable young lady sneezes. However, as no violent storms last long, all is now again tranquil; and yesterday, notwithstanding the severity of the frost, the Doctor took an airing of three hours. Mrs. ——'s woman brought no letter to the Doctor, but a written order for

her mistress's clothes and books, which the Doctor delivered. She has already left Bath with the clothes, without having been admitted to an audience, and the books are packed in four large boxes to be sent by the next waggon. Ten thousand particulars are now told of the female historian's insolence, capriciousness, and even abandonness. She is now at Leicester, boarding with a brother-in-law of Mr. ——, a Dr. ——, a very *petit menage*.

I am glad you liked the verses to Miss Drax. Thursday was Sir John Miller's masquerade at his Bath Easton *villakin*, and it is said, the following lines were found on his gate:

Wedded to Vanity here Folly reigns,
And Sense, and Taste, and Virtue, holds in chains;
O'er Crescent, Circus, both Parades, she rules,
And here has fix'd the *Paradise of Fools*.

Sir John, high-priest at Folly's favourite shrine,
And here his *Fat*ima high priestess, shine.

Lady Miller was to appear as the Sultana Queen, *Fat*ima, and she cannot bear to be thought *fat!*

I am very glad you kept four partridges, and I wish you had likewise a hare and capon. A French pie is the most acceptable present I can make to Mr. Hayley. He perseveres till the last atom of it is consumed.

The game is just arrived in perfect condition, and I have sent a part of it to the Brereton's, as I am to dine today with the gentle Juliet.

Adieu, my dearest daughter.

LETTER LXII.

Sunday, Jan. 10, 1779.

I BEG the favour of you, my dear Polly, to order Francis to put the six letters in the post, by which I shall be sure of not being disappointed next Saturday and Sunday. The Queen's birthday being to be kept on the Monday makes this precaution necessary.

The memorial of the twelve admirals seems to me perfectly absurd, although I hear it much commended. Lord Kelly and Mr. Drax only are of my opinion. I whispered Lord Kelly, who is not a strict believer, that I thought the twelve admirals as great fools as the twelve ———, and as bad writers.

Be so good to order me giblet-soup and pork griskins for my Sunday's din-

ner, at five, but I make a point that my dear Polly does not wait dinner for me, as every thing is so uncertain with travellers, and I hear the roads are very heavy. I mean to lie at Marlborough on Saturday, and to leave it on Sunday at daybreak, and yet possibly I may not be able to reach Prince's Court before seven or eight at night. I wish for a good fire in my bedchamber *only*, but please to give orders to have the chimney swept in my cabinet, which I believe has not been done for a twelvemonth.

Governor Johnstone's favourite is here for her health.

Bon soir, ma chere fille.

LETTER LXIII.

Monday, Jan. 11, 1779.

I HAVE the pleasure, my dear Polly, of your letter of the 9th, and the paper enclosed. It shall neither be copied nor the name mentioned.

We are all wild here about Keppel and Palliser, and impatience is ever on the wing.

I am glad the basket of provisions arrived safe, and I shall do on Sunday what men say of their wives, bring their food in their mouths. I hope the brown loaf exceeded the goodness of Clapham.

I hoped to have seen the *Moravian* here, but I have heard nothing relative to him.

I should be glad to see the letters from Sir John Dalrymple to Lord ——— on my return. I think the pension of 2000*l.* a year to that tool of a Lord is an act of high infamy from the crown in our exhausted state. B. has always been in lucrative offices, and always behaved ill.

I rejoice that my mother is better, and desire my duty to her.

Good morrow, dear Euphrosyne.

LETTER LXIV.

Tuesday, Jan. 12, 1779.

I FORGOT to mention in my letter of yesterday, dear Polly, that I should not leave Bath on Saturday till after the arrival of the post. I wish therefore you would let me know how my amiable daughter does on Thursday night, and send me the letters and news of that day.

The Alderman of Farringdon Without is not yet laughed out of his passion for catering, and therefore has sent you some delicate country pork, fed with milk and pease only, and a leg of Welsh mutton. He hopes to enjoy both with his beloved daughter the next week. He has sent in the same basket a *sally lunkin* for her breakfast, and a brown loaf

from the country, both of which are much esteemed.

Last night there was a splendid ball at the upper rooms, but no great blaze of beauty.

In the London Gazette, towards the end, you generally find a few *whereas*'s. In imitation of my betters I make the following:

Whereas Mary Wilkes, spinster, has been very obligingly attentive in sending me, to Bath, for the last three weeks, all my letters, papers, &c.; in order to reward such attention, I do hereby give to the said Mary my mustard-urn of silver and glass, and spoon of silver, to become her proper goods and chattels, without power of revocation on my part. —Done in the city of Bath, in the county of Somerset, this twelfth day of January 1779.

JOHN WILKES.

LETTER LXV.

Wednesday, Jan. 13, 1779.

PERHAPS, my dear Polly, the letter from my Lord Essex and my answer may amuse you for a few minutes. In that case I shall be pleased that I have enclosed them to you. I wish you to seal that to Lord Essex, and to order Francis to put it in the general post. The letter of my Lord you will keep till my return to town.

I have been with Dr. —— to-day, and found him quite affectionate. He desires very particular compliments to you and my mother. He does not cease to talk in the highest terms of contempt of Mrs. ———.

The *sneezing* is indeed alarming, and if it should happen next Sunday evening,

who can answer that the post-horses might not be frightened enough to run back with me to Bath? What a scrape should I then be in with my freeholders of Middlesex? I must plead the Doctor's idea of a *secession*, which I do not approve.

I have not forgotten the pencil you wished, but have not yet succeeded.

If your dressing-table is now so *near* Dover, I hope it will soon be *at* Dover.

I walked this morning to Mr. Cruger's, three miles from hence, and back. He is very ill of a fever.

Brown bread is a bad supper, dear Polly: suppose you added to it a woodcock.

Adieu!

LETTER LXVI.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, Sept. 7, 1779.

THE pleasure of your company only, my dearest Polly, could have added to the agreeableness of the little excursion to Carshalton. I paid my compliments first at Mr. Burke's, who was gone to make war on the harmless birds of the air, but was to return to dinner, and the favourite pressed me exceedingly to dine with them. I thought the two hours previous to it would pass awkwardly in a house occupied by a dozen workmen, and therefore walked to Mr. Walpole's, who insisted on my passing the day with his family, Lady Middleton, Mr. and Miss Broderick, Miss Townsend, and a fine old gentle-

man of seventy-eight, the father of my friend Tommy Townshend. We all joined in a chorus of *Jeremiades* over the disgraceful situation of our country, but endeavoured to alleviate our misfortunes by cheerful society. I returned here at night, and took Mr. Burke, and the favourite, in the coach to Tokenhouse Yard. Mr. Walpole was exceedingly desirous of my passing the two following days under his roof.

I find the general opinion is that Sir Charles Hardy has orders not to venture an engagement.

Your prophecy was fulfilled this morning, by Mary's petitioning for leave to go into the country. I said, that I had always pain in a refusal, but as I was sure the complying with her request would be followed by a similar from the cook and Francis, it became necessary in the first instance not to consent.

This has spread a temporary gloom over all this little family, except Berton, who has recovered from the loss of the sprites, which came to his aid through a certain *key-hole*.

I sent Mrs. Molineux, last night, a letter, which came to Berkeley Street, by the penny post, and the London Packet.

Your cupboard was painted once over last night, and will be finished on Thursday.

The weather is become cloudy and cool. On Thursday I am invited by the great merchant, Mr. Beeston Long, and the Jamaica club, to eat turtle at the London Tavern. I hope the venison proved fine.

I beg to be affectionately remembered to Mrs. Warkman, with my warm thanks for her civilities to my dear daughter.

I am quite uncertain about the little

projected tour to Windsor; but wherever I am, I shall ever remain, my beloved Polly,

Your very affectionate father,

JOHN WILKES.

I am sorry to add a postscript that Byron is beaten, soundly beaten, Barrington shot through the back, the *Lion* taken, and another ship sunk, and the Granades surrendered to the French*. This is the Admiralty account. It comes at a very unlucky moment, but I hope the action between the European fleets will be over before the news reaches Sir Charles Hardy's sailors.

Prince's Court, Nine.

I regret being obliged, in an infinite confusion, to add another postscript. A

* This was the first report, but the news did not afterwards prove so bad.—[This note is in the hand-writing of Miss Wilkes.]

fire has happened at Colonel Gordon's, which at seven this evening brought half Westminster into Prince's Court. The Colonel's (Gordon's) man is much burnt. His maid is half distracted. I have not been absent the whole time. The fire is now extinguished, but was alarming. Berton very alert, and the cook—Colonel Gordon's two servants, and several things, are here. The man much burnt, but appearing more affected for his master than for himself. Mary and Francis still absent—Plenty of water, so no apprehensions for the night—Colonel Gordon's man and maid here—their master and several officers of the guards just gone from Prince's Court in full security—Colonel Gordon's cook better —It is said that the fire was occasioned by the fermentation of made wines in the cellar—I have kept guard at the door of the house, and the mob have respected

the sentinel, who has scarcely suffered any thing but a leathern bucket to enter.

Adieu, dear Polly, till I have a steadier hand to-morrow. Adieu!

LETTER LXVII.

Prince's Court,
Wednesday, Sept. 8, 1779.

I WROTE to you last night, dear Polly, in all the hurry and confusion of the fire at Colonel Gordon's. A *King's Court* on a birthday was scarcely ever more attended than our humble *Prince's Court* yesterday. For the first time I was pleased that you were absent. Guards, mob, firemen, engines, buckets, pails, filled the court,

To-day a perfect calm prevails. The fire was occasioned by a fermentation of made wines. The Colonel's man continues very ill. Only the back kitchen is burnt, and the poor fellow most terribly. This house was the asylum to him, the maid, &c. Mrs. Gordon was luckily in the country. Mrs. Smith much alarmed, but very well to-day.

The West-Indian merchants are in great fear for the Leeward Islands.

Colonel Gordon has just been here to return thanks for the services of yesterday.

Mr. Molesworth has sent me this morning the *London Magazines*, and *Historical Register*; the first of which cost 6*l*. 2*s*. 6*d*. and the other 1*l*. 16*s*. I beg my dear daughter's acceptance of both.

Mr. Dayrell came here by water from the Temple. The waterman told him,

that he had a letter from his brother, in which he mentioned being on board of B——'s ship, that he kept all the while to the leeward during the engagement of the fleets, and concluded, *B—— is a coward, so help me God.*

I enclose you a letter of Abbé O'Leary, which may amuse you two or three minutes; but, alas! he wants the finesse and elegance of Abbé Coyer*.

I have the pleasure of your letter from Epsom, and hope the weather, and all other circumstances, will be to my dear girl's wish, whom I bid adieu till to-morrow.

Success to the British fleet! Huzza! I give you joy of the safe arrival of eight rich Indiamen.

* The Abbé Coyer died at Paris 1782. His tale of Chinki, attributed at first to Voltaire, and his Journey through Italy and Holland, &c. obtained considerable popularity.—EDIT.

LETTER LXVIII.

Prince's Court,
Friday, Sept. 10, 1779.

I HAD not time, my dear daughter, yesterday to answer your pleasing letter of Wednesday on account of a long visit from Mr. Cutler, and the engagement at the London tavern. The Jamaica gentlemen were much dispirited, and talked in desponding terms of the great force of the French at St. Domingo. I understand that the pursers of our men of war now insure their property, which was never known in any former war. Sir John Lockhart, when the English fleet retired from the combined fleets of France and Spain, ordered a large tarpaulin to be thrown round the figure, in wood, of the King at the

stern, and said, he put the Royal George in mourning, and directed the cabin windows to be shut, that he might not see the disgraceful retreat of our fleet.—Mr. Butler is returned from a tour to Portsmouth with Lord Sandwich—the court tale is, that the fleet had but four days water, and therefore returned from necessity—Lord S. ill received at Portsmouth, but since perfectly well at Kew.

Mr. Cruttwell, of Bath, has been here this morning, and is going to publish, by Dr. W——'s direction, several letters of Mrs. M——— to the Doctor, and to Dr. G——. Some passages, which he repeated of the latter, are too gross for the public eye, in my opinion. Mr. W-nl-y S——— and Mrs. A—— are shewn in the most odious colours, and the female historian a most abandoned prostitute, and a swindler, from her own letters. The history of them

is long, but will amuse you; and a maid, Betty, saved them from the flames, to which they had been assigned. The celebrated letter to the Doctor just before her marriage likewise appears.

Colonel Gordon's man continues very ill.

My mother and Mrs. Smith I have paid visits to, and both the good ladies desire to be affectionately remembered to you.

The anecdote of Dr. B—— is very curious, and strongly marks the rage of modern clergymen for episcopacy.

The painting in your cabinet is finished, and the drawing-room will be completed, including the glasses, on Monday.

I sent you yesterday a letter from Mrs. Molineux, and another from Bengal, which I received from Mr. Grindall. To-day I have forwarded one to

you from the noble captain of the Norfolk militia.

My little tour to Windsor is at last settled. Mr. Dayrell and I mount his horses to-morrow at nine, and mean to dine at Lord Inchiquin's, then visit Windsor in the evening, and return to lie at Salt Hill. On Sunday we intend to dine and lie at Shepperton, and on Monday morning return to the capital.

Mr. Grindall has called here from the Admiralty. He says that there is no misunderstanding between Barrington and Byron, that the first speaks highly of the last, that it was impossible for him to come up with his division, and that we are not *much* beaten. The reports of this day are much more favourable than those of Wednesday and Thursday.

Good night, my dearest girl, and continue to love your affectionate and obliged father, JOHN WILKES.

LETTER LXIX.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, Sept. 14, 1779.

I RETURNED here from Shepperton, my dearest Polly, this morning about eleven, when I had the pleasure of your letter of last Friday. As I left town on Saturday morning, I had no opportunity of sending you the Gazette.

I have had a very agreeable jaunt. On Saturday I dined at Salt Hill, walked in the evening on the terrace, and lay at Mrs. Partridge's. I returned on Sunday morning to Windsor, saw the royal family at prayers by eight in the morning, in St. George's chapel, breakfasted with the Ryves's, rode afterwards to Shepperton, dined with Mr. Scott, Churchill, &c. and lay at Mr. Dayrell's

lodgings. Yesterday the party compelled me to attend them to forest venison and Mr. Webb's, but I returned to Shepperton to Mr. Dayrell's, and accompanied him on horseback to town this day. I fear to tire you with royal and plebeian anecdotes on your return. As to myself, I cough less in a morning, and am better, though not ill before. Saturday's heat, and a rough horse, put me in sweet Agnes's condition:

Sur un cheval elle s'en va juchée,
Jambe meurtrie, et la f— écorchée.

Three in the Afternoon.

The post has just brought me your charming French letter of yesterday—I shall take particular care of all your letters—I had ordered fish for your to-morrow's dinner from Shepperton, by the morning coach. I hope the basket will arrive here time enough to be sent to

Clapham, for the jacks and eels of Shepperton are remarkably delicate.—Poor Lord Temple! I hope he has not forgot his cousin D——ll.—As the post has brought you no letters this day, I shall not send any to Clapham, unless you desire it, but reserve them for your return on Friday, which will be a most pleasing day to your tender and affectionate father,

JOHN WILKES.

I found every thing in order here, and the drawing-room is finished by Clarke.

LETTER LXX.

Monday, Two,
Nov. 22, 1779.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

EVERY thing succeeds to my utmost wishes. An infinite number of people at the common-hall, and almost unanimous in my favour. Certainly above 100 to 1 by the general confession of the enemies. James however has demanded a poll, for which he is condemned by many of his own friends.

Let me beg my dear girl to nurse her cold carefully, and to let me see her much better in the evening.

Adieu!

LETTER LXXI.

Guildhall, Two o'Clock,
November 24, 1779.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I GIVE you joy that Mr. James is retired *sans tambour ou trompette*, and his written resignation is arrived. I would not delay one moment giving you such good news. Poll this day, Wilkes 380—James 86.

Adieu, my very dear girl.

* Ten thousand congratulations attend my dear son, and dear child.

The numbers were:

	WILKES.		JAMES.
First Day	484	—	46
Second Day	1402	—	232
Third Day	446	—	92

* In the hand-writing of Mr. Wilkes's mother. EDIT.

LETTER LXXII.

THE Chamberlain of London is arrived at Salt Hill, in perfect health, at nine at night, this 23d day of December 1779, setting his face towards Bath, but regretting that the amiable queen in Prince's Court is not with him, to partake and increase all his pleasures; and so he heartily bids her good night.

LETTER LXXIII.

Castle at Marlborough,
Friday, December 24, 1779.

The Country Post.

THIS morning the news arrived at the parlour in Mrs. Partridge's house at Salt Hill, of a considerable increase, and loss, in her family. Through carelessness, or cruelty, a fine Chinese sow, who had farrowed nine pretty little pigs in the open air, lost all her offspring, like old Priam, in one hour, by the severity of the season. Thus justice punished the carelessness, or cruelty, of Mrs. Partridge to the mother, by taking out of this world nine little beauties, whom she meant to have sold to the best bidder, like other modern mothers.

The Chamberlain of London left the Castle, where such deadly scenes passed, at eight in the morning, and went to view Windsor Castle. He found the great gate, over which are the arms of England, ready to tumble, and the towers on the right and left, one called Lord Beauchamp's tower, and the other the Devil's, in the same alarming situation. The workmen were putting up a great many props. He asked them, if they had insured their lives, and advised them to demand triple wages, for so dangerous a service; with which they were very well pleased.

He then crossed the country to Oakingham, and for near two miles the waters came into the chaise. The whole country between Maidenhead and Windsor is one great sheet of water. The Thames at Staines bridge has thirty feet of water. The ordinary depth is only

twelve feet. He visited the amiable, and lovely Mrs. St——, at the Holt, who introduced him to her puppy of a husband, a Wilkite however. She behaved with grace, elegance, and ease: he with awkwardness and absurdity. They have been reconciled about three months. Her character is unexceptionable, and she has great sense and wit. She does not come to Bath till the 5th of January, which I much regret; but no consideration can keep me here beyond the morning of the 9th, as the Chamberlain's office opens on the 11th. From Oakingham to Reading, is a turnpike road of seven miles. The rest is as well known as the downright Dunstable road, according to the old phrase. He arrived at Marlborough between nine and ten, ate like an alderman, drank two glasses of wine, and was in the drowsy arms of Morpheus, till six on Christmas morning.

Mrs. St—— read without hesitation Lord Kelly's letter. I was surprised at her decyphering it so quick, and said nobody but you could at once have read it off hand. She laughing asked me, what salary I would give her, to be secretary to the Chamberlain. I said, " You may name your own terms. I have only one condition to insist on, your constant residence."

LETTER LXXIV.

South Parade, Bath,
Saturday, Dec. 25, 1779.

The Journal continued.

Mr. Wilkes rose at six, and went through the operations of being shaved and dressed, then comforted himself with a breakfast; and proceeded to Bath, where he arrived before two. Much snow between Reading and Bath. Delighted with the apartments on the South Parade. The drawing-room very spacious, and, being the end house, light. Three windows in front, two on the side. Visited Dr. Wilson, who is indeed greatly out of order, and Mr. Cruttwell says in a dangerous way. He was highly pleased with my coming. Cruttwell says that S——— is expected

to propose terms to stop the intended publication of certain letters. My cough much better, and little fatigue from the journey. The sharp, cold air has produced a most voracious appetite in me, which I hope soon to allay, but not till I have assured my dear daughter, that I wish her all the compliments of this merry season, and that I am her very affectionate father.

Adieu!

LETTER LXXV.

South Parade, Bath,
Sunday, Dec. 26, 1779.

SHALL I, my dearest Polly, give you an account of yesterday's Christmas dinner? It is so like an alderman to talk the day after of what he had yesterday: yet perhaps, being a female, you may be curious, and therefore I give it: The paschal lamb, with the fry—a *virgin* pullet, stuffed with *pigeon*'s eggs—St. Peter's cock, à-la-cocky decky—a large cod's head from the miraculous draught—fricassee of *innocents*—cloven tongues avec de la sauce au St. Esprit—Baptist's head in a charger—calves' heads à-la-Golgotha—des saucisses males à-la-Madelaine. The dessert consisted of *bon-chretien* pears—and the wine was *la-*

chryma Christi (the famous wine near Naples, called the *tears of Christ*. An Irishman said on tasting it, he wished that Christ had wept in Ireland.) Was not this a very suitable dinner for the anniversary which was celebrated?

The sweet July Brereton I saw and saluted yesterday. I hope so beauteous a flower will not wither on the stalk from whence it grew, and die uncropped.

I mean this afternoon to revisit the good old Doctor at Alfred House, and shall not fail, as he kindly desires, to pay him almost daily visits, while I continue at Bath. By all accounts from the faculty he cannot long survive. He is regularly attended by physician, apothecary, and surgeon. The physician is Dr. Harrington, the surgeon Cruttwell, the apothecary's name I do not know. His spirits are very low, and his cough almost incessant.

The frost continues very severe, but the weather is clear and healthy. Bath has been very sickly for some time. One family lost seven children out of nine by sore throats. It is now certainly, since the frost, in a better state.

Be so good to present my duty to my good mother, and very affectionate compliments to Mrs. Molineux. I hope your Welsh mutton proved delicate, and that you relished it. My cough is much better; and, in other respects, I am, thank Heaven, in perfect health.

Good-morrow, dearest Polly, and be particularly attentive to the health of my beloved daughter.

Adieu!

I beg you to send the letter to Mrs. Stafford, to the post.

LETTER LXXVI.

South Parade, Bath,
Tuesday, Dec. 28, 1779.

I DID not receive your letter, my dearest Polly, till yesterday, and I find by your not mentioning it, that there must have been an equal delay in mine from Marlborough. I am charmed with the cheerfulness and warmth of these apartments. I only want the fair inhabitant of Prince's Court to enjoy them with me; then I should be more than content, I should be quite happy.

I enclose you an order for a haunch of venison, for the dear widow's birthday; but as it is on a Tuesday, I will not promise for fish, although I will try my best. I sent my sweet Polly yesterday a fine *piper*, &c. and as she is so good, I will, not grudgingly, pay the *piper* for her.

I received the basket containing a hare and a leash of pheasants, for which I write this post to thank Mr. Sharp, and likewise to Mr. Langford. I am very glad you kept the turkey, and you were very welcome to any of the game, although I own I love to send game to some friends, where I dine, as I can make them no other return. I shall not forget the *petit couvert* of No. 7.

Mr. B——— some time ago wrote an abusive letter to Dr. ———, the original of which I have seen. He charges the Doctor with being the cause of all the misconduct of Mrs. ———. Dr. —— did not deign to reply. It will appear with the other letters, and one of Wanley S—— respecting Mrs. M——x, and the long letter to the Doctor on the eve of her marriage. A part is already printed. The Doctor is declining very rapidly. He is most affectionate to me.

I hope on Thursday to send my dear daughter some thin paper.

I wish you to send me a parcel on Friday, with all letters, the *Annual Register for* 1778, from Dodsley's in Pall Mall—*Hayes's Catalogue*, from No. 332, in Oxford Street—and *An Epistle from Brown Dignum to Buckhorse*, from Millidge's, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden.

The frost is gone, and it thaws gently at present.

Adieu, my dearest Polly.

LETTER LXXVII.

South Parade, Bath,
Wednesday, Dec. 29, 1779.

I RECEIVED this morning, my dearest Polly, the favour of your letter of Monday, by which I find that you have not yet the letter from Marlborough. I hope the post-master will consent to your having it before the next year at least.

There is no new occurrence in the Bath world. Friday is the grand ball for the lower rooms, and all the pretty misses are busy in preparing the caps, which are to be set at us that night. Luckily old father Time has put me out of their power. Mullett comes here to-morrow for forty-eight hours.

I am much obliged to the Comptroller for his kind offer, and I desire to return him many thanks; but I am not indiscreet enough to accept it at this time, and indeed I mean through life to regulate all my pleasures by the line of my duty. Heaven has favoured me with health; and I neither wish, nor will create an excuse, to have the obligation to a deputy. The offer was however handsome, and deserves acknowledgments*. Tuesday noon, the 11th, will certainly find me at Guildhall, at the opening of the Chamberlain's office, but I am so charmed with my apartments, and so well, that I do not mean to leave Bath till Monday morning the 10th, at six o'clock, to lie that night at Salt Hill, and to be in Prince's Court the next day,

* Mr. Wilkes did not depart from this resolution. His attendance was, I am told, most *punctual* and *unremitted*.—EDIT.

between ten and eleven. I shall go from thence to Guildhall, and return to dine with my dear daughter at four, without the least inconvenience to a regular family.

I sent you yesterday three of your elegant Italian books, which I think I remember you wished to have in town. I shall bring the *Secchia Rapita* with me.

Not "you *was*," if you please; but "you *were*." The phrase is not, "you *is*," but "you *are*"—a charming girl.

I hope you received the order for the venison.

My affectionate duty to my good mother, and compliments to Mrs. Molineux, Miss, &c. &c.

Adieu, dear Polly.

LETTER LXXVIII.

South Parade, Bath,
Thursday, Dec. 30, 1779.

THE post is just arrived, dear Polly, and has not given me the pleasure of any letter from you, so that I suspect the fate of some of mine.

I am in hourly expectation of Mr. Mullett's arrival, and I hope that I shall be able to keep him the rest of the week.

I wish you to let my mother know, that I hold myself greatly indebted to her goodness for her attention and civilities to you during my little excursion, and to present to her my duty.

I enclose you a bit of thin paper, with the picture of Britannia, who looks no where so cheerful as in that little corner.

The weather is now very mild, and there is not the least wind, so that I avail myself of those two agreeable circumstances, to walk two or three hours before dinner.

Lord Kelly desires me to present his best compliments to you.

I wish to know if the *jalousies* in my cabinet are finished, and how you like their effect.

Good morrow, dear daughter.

LETTER LXXIX.

South Parade, Bath,
Saturday, Jan. 1, 1780.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAVE but a moment, but I would not miss this first opportunity of wishing my beloved daughter the return of many happy years; and I beg her to express the same sentiments to my good mother.

I have all the papers, and a pair of fine ruffles, but no letter from my dear girl. I therefore hope for this afternoon's bringing me a letter with the Annual Register, &c.

Mr. Hancock has promised me a fine dish of fish for Monday morning's coach, which I suppose will be in town on Tuesday; I hope time enough for the dinner in Berkeley Street.

I received yesterday your letter of Wednesday, and was much pleased with it, and all the French quotations.

Adieu!

LETTER LXXX.

South Parade, Bath,
Sunday, Jan. 2, 1780.

I RECEIVED, my dear Polly, the pleasure of your letter of Friday, but I find that it will be Tuesday before I can have the "Annual Register," for which I am not a little impatient. You had better order a servant to bring you the letters at present, when you are from home in the afternoon and evening, for a delay of four hours in this case makes one of four days, no small object in holydays of only fourteen.

I return you Vanden Closter's letter; I mean his wife's, who seems a notable Dutch or Flanders spouse. You do not mention if you received the letter to Mrs. Stafford, to be forwarded by the general post.

I think you should answer Madame Vanden Closter's letter, and, as she is a female of much business, mention your desire of the husband's drawing on me at any time for what expenses he may be at on our account, *at ten days sight.*

The fish will not be sent till to-morrow noon, which will be in time for the celebration of Tuesday.

I wish you to order Francis to direct Petrie's letter on another cover à *Messieurs Hennessy et Co. à Ostende,* and to send it by Tuesday night's post.

Adieu, my dearest Polly.

LETTER LXXXI.

South Parade, Bath,
Wednesday, Jan. 5, 1780.

I STEAL a few moments, my dearest Polly, to acknowledge the favour of your letter of Monday evening, which I received this morning. I hope yesterday passed with all satisfaction to our good friend in Berkeley Street, and I was highly pleased with the duty of the Norfolk captain, in coming to town. Hancock tells me that he sent a dish of fish, but not so good as he wished.

There is here a pretty and lively young lady of the name of W——, who lives on the Queen's Parade, with a father and mother in great circumstances. She has two sisters handsome and well married. She laughs at both father and

mother, and is ill-used by both. In return, she says her father is just tolerable, her mother not so. I have met her at Drax's, and she avows an admiration of a man I should know. At the great ball on Monday, she whispered me, "I hate this crowd; I can't bear to be so squeezed by people one does not know." I asked her to lend me her pencil, and said I would put her idea into verse, which she was gay enough to own I had done*.

Adieu!

* For the lines, vide vol. i.

LETTER LXXXII.

South Parade, Bath,
Thursday, Jan. 6, 1780.

I DINED yesterday at Mr. Drax's, my dear Polly, with so large a set, and was detained so long, that I had but a moment late last night to write to you. Judge and Mrs. Willes, Mr. James Grenville, jun. one of the best speakers in the House of Commons, Mr. O'Brien and Lady Susan, Mr. Hunt, whom you may remember, &c. &c. were of the party. Mrs. Drax is much better, and the little angel recovered of an accident too terrible and tedious to give you on paper.

The news from Admiral Fielding is indeed curious, but I think, as the Indian said, "The Holland-man be no brave

man," and I suppose we shall bully him, if the Stadtholder's uncle, the King of Prussia, the greatest of all bullies, does not stand by him.

I have sent Mrs. Kent an exquisite leg of Bath mutton, and by the post a letter of compliment and gratitude. My dear daughter will receive some fine pork, and brown Georges, &c. if the man comes in time.

As the post does not go from hence to-morrow, and I shall arrive so few hours after Monday's post, I shall not write again, but hope to pay my personal compliments to you on Tuesday morning by ten. I desire a good fire *only* in my bedchamber, as I must, so soon after I come to Prince's Court, go to Guildhall, but shall certainly return to dinner in Prince's Court.

In the verses I sent yesterday, for *wretches* read *creatures*.

Berton has behaved incomparably well. I repeated my resolution on his arrival here. I hope he is quite reformed. I gave him two guineas for etrennes on new-year's day.

Good old Pierce always desires his duty.

The Bishop of Worcester, and Mr Wilkes, are very well, I hear, together, to the admiration of all blockheads.

Be so good to order giblet-soup for ten on Tuesday morning.

I enclose you a print of coarse Dutch humour, taken on board one of their ships.

Adieu, ma très chere fille, jusqu'au plaisir de vous revoir.

Be so good to send me by Saturday night's post all the papers of that day, directed to me at the Castle, at Salt Hill, and I shall find them at my arrival there on Monday night.

LETTER LXXXIII.

South Parade, Bath,
Monday, Jan. 31, 1780.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I WAS made very happy this morning, by your letter of Saturday, and the parcel, which I received at breakfast-time. I hope that the fish will arrive in good time for the dear widow's dinner. I shall not fail to-morrow crowning the glass to her health, and the long continuance of it.

I enclose you some excellent French verses, which I wish you to transcribe and return me by the next post. I do not make out what is the meaning of a *pigeon de parfilage*, nor can even Lord Kelly. I wish you could explain it to us.

Mrs. Gordon I hear is well. I have not seen her, for she was from home when I called.

Mr. John Lee and his wife are here, and both inquire very kindly after you. Mr. Reynolds has sent me a letter and a retainer for him in the scrutiny against Deputy Jones. I am sorry for the violence against Jones, for he had made his peace with us, and almost sworn allegiance, but it was impossible to stop the fury of the B-nn-rs, and of St. George, &c. &c.

I give the amiable widow joy on her return from *Limehouse*.

I have endeavoured to get the letter about Mrs. M. suppressed, but the Doctor is as violent as either of the B-nn-rs, and I have no chance of succeeding. I read him on Sunday night chosen parts of the Memoirs of my Life, with which he appeared to be much charmed.

I am glad that you approve the *jalousies* and the counterpane. I wish you to send to Norton, to order the couch-cover to be finished immediately in the same style, and the other may be laid by to be used, when the new one is washing.

I have a very long letter from Mr. C-tl-r, extremely affectionate to us both, but exceedingly wild, more wild than witty. I begin to have apprehensions about that worthy friend.

Mrs. Hamilton and Miss are here, and have invited me to dinner on Saturday. They both desire to have their compliments transmitted to you.

Brereton had 750 at his ball on Friday, and Dawson expects 1300 this evening.

Adieu, dear Polly.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Castle at Speen Hill,
Thursday Night, Ten o'Clock,
May 11, 1780.

I AM just arrived here, my dearest Polly, after an agreeable tour, for the sun cheered all nature the whole way from Kensington, and the first gloss was on every beautiful offspring of this sweetest daughter of the spring, the beauteous May; lovely mother, and charming daughter. The ventilating in the fresh air has recovered me from the fatigues of a midnight Ranelagh, and has given me a city appetite, to quell which I have had nothing yet since I left the capital, but two dishes of coffee, and three insignificant wafer slices of bread and butter.

I hope to dine to-morrow at Bath, and shall go directly to York House, and from thence to pay my devoirs to the fair widow, as I can give her so good an account of little charming Betsey, and a still more interesting account, *si delabré*, of the old gouty member.

My dinner, cold veal and ham (I am no Jew), is just arrived. I must therefore attend this first call of nature, the preservation of an individual, however insignificant. Therefore, good night, good Polly, and believe me ever most affectionately

Yours.

I beg you to remember me dutifully and tenderly to my mother.

LETTER LXXXV.

York House, Bath,
Saturday, May 13, 1780.

I HAVE had the pleasure, dear Polly, of seeing Mrs. Molineux just now in perfect health, and of directing two covers to you and Mrs. Case. I arrived here yesterday after a cheerful tour, made gay by two or three accidental rencontres. I came in the moment of the good widow's sitting down to table with Miss Molineux, and by their obliging invitation I assisted at an agreeable repast, of which it may be said that the Alderman did the honours beyond the united efforts of the two ladies; but consider he was a traveller, and the Lent of the day before was to be made up for comfortably.

The heavens have been weeping ever since my arrival, and it seems a warm winter with the leaves on the trees.

I was last night at the ball of the lower rooms, which was very ill attended. Mr. Tyson officiated. I have not yet seen the deposed monarch. *That* be to-morrow's duty.

Last night I supped at Mrs. Stafford's, where I dine to-morrow. The Count and Countess of N-ss-lr-de are here since Tuesday, but depart to-morrow early. I am at the lodgings to pay my compliments to you, but the Countess insists on my carrying her, or rather she me, to the Dean of Ossory's this evening, to a concert, in the Crescent. Would it were well over, as Falstaff says of a day of battle! I dined with them to-day at the Bear, where they lodge.

Dr. Wilson is as hearty as for the three last years. On Monday I am to

be at Alfred House with Mr. Mullett to pass the day.

I wrote to my dear daughter from Newbury, or Speen Hill, on Thursday night.

"Why, you are as *old* again as I am, Mr. W." said Lydia. "Had you been a French girl, Lydia, you would have said, I am as *young* again as you, Mr. W."

> In your making up of posies
> Lilies are bundled with the roses:
> You I see the blooming rose,
> Then the lily me suppose.

Is not this precious foolery?

Good night.

LETTER LXXXVI.

York House, Bath,
Monday, May 15, 1780.

I RECEIVED this morning, my dearest Polly, the favour of your letter of Saturday, and immediately communicated to the dear widow all the particulars respecting herself as well as her lord and master. When I read her the passage, "Please to make my love (not your own) to the dear widow," &c. she remarked that you were very cruel, for why should she not have both?

I dined with *que diantre?* on Saturday, and gave her the bras to a concert at the Dean of Ossory's in the Crescent. She both sung and played with all her frightful graces, and when she was

"With a head on one side, and a languishing eye,
Would kill us by looking as if she would die."

it was really alarming. I have great power of face, as you know, or I had betrayed myself terribly at her "Sighed and looked, looked and sighed." Their Excellencies left Bath yesterday morning. If Gog or Magog, at Guildhall, could be animated, she would have made an excellent companion for life to either.

I mean to leave Bath on Wednesday morning, and to return by Chepstow, Gloucester, and Oxford. I wish you to make a packet, on Thursday evening, of all the letters and newspapers of Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and to send them to me by some Oxford coach, which goes out from London early on Friday morning, directed to me at the *Star Inn, at Oxford*, and be so good likewise as to write to me by the post according to the same di-

rection. I expect to be in Oxford next Friday.

It was no small mortification to me that I could not have my dear daughter's company this tour, but I hope my next excursion will be entirely in her company, and I dedicate myself, Berton, a chaise and pair, and a saddle-horse, to follow her plan from the afternoon of the 27th of July to the evening of the 4th of September.

I am just going to Alfred House, where I shall certainly drink my dear Polly's health with the good old Doctor, Mr. Mullett, Mr. Cruttwell, &c. &c.

Adieu!

LETTER LXXXVII.

Bear, at Newnham,
Thursday Noon, May 18, 1780.

I LEFT Bath yesterday morning, my dear Polly, and after taking leave of the dear widow, she sent for me again, to give me the agreeable account of your being in perfect health. I dined with Mr. Mullett yesterday in Bristol with Mr. Cruger and three other friends, and in the evening made the great passage between England and Wales in about half an hour, at the Aust Ferry, where the rapid Severn is above two miles over. I was too late for the great boat, in which horses, mules, asses, sheep, and horned cattle pass. The Alderman was distinguished by a boat to himself, at the expense of five shillings and eight-pence.

This morning I visited the beautiful gardens of Pearcefield, Valentine Morris's seat, and had the good luck of sunshine the whole time. I came here a few minutes ago by a vile cross-country road, and am told the post is just going out. I therefore seized the moment before its departure to say Here I am, and hope to be in Prince's Court with my dear daughter on Monday evening, and I doubt if I can sooner.

Adieu!

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Thursday Night, Ten,
St. Sepulchre's Churchyard,
June 8th, 1780.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I AM here with a good party of horse and foot, with armed inhabitants of the ward, and the rioters are said to be so intimidated, that we shall have no business but rest on our arms. I am perfectly well, and ever your affectionate father.

I shall continue here till five or six to-morrow*.

* Mr. Wilkes was most active in putting an end to the disturbances of this fatal period. It was said of him by a foe, "That he who raised mobs could not well be afraid to quell them." The remark however is not, as a general one, confirmed by experience.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Globe in Fleet Street,
Saturday, Ten, June 10th, 1780.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I AM here examining prisoners, and every thing very quiet. I shall probably continue still here, for two hours at least, after which I hope to come directly to Prince's Court. I entreat you not to stay up a minute on my account, and to direct Berton to go to bed at twelve, as he has been on hard duty for some days.

Adieu!

LETTER XC.

Globe, in Fleet Street,
Sunday, Two, June 11, 1780.

MY DEAR GIRL,

I HOPE to return to Prince's Court before eleven this night. Every thing is quiet in the city, and in this ward, which I shall parade just before my return. "Now good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both," says the Alderman of Farringdon to his dear daughter.

Proof that Wm. Moore on the morning that Lord Mansfield's house was burnt gave a glass of wine to a man, telling him *that* was Lord Mansfield's wine.

LETTER XCI.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, Aug. 15, 1780.

I TRULY regret, my dearest Polly, that I cannot enjoy to-morrow's anniversary with you, for I assure you the return of your birthday gives me much more pleasing sensations than that of my own. I shall form the warmest wishes for your happiness through a long succession of revolving years, and congratulate myself on the bounty of Heaven to me in the gift of so perfect a daughter; nor will the day give me any regret, except what I have mentioned of being absent from you. I may perhaps however reproach myself with a little selfishness in all my wishes for my dear girl, as I know my own felicity is so

closely interwoven with yours, and your welfare is what lies nearest my heart.

I have this moment the pleasure of my dear girl's letter, in which the newspaper is mentioned as received, but nothing of my letter, or of another for *the widow*, franked by Mr. Sawbridge, likewise sent.

To-morrow at six I go to Brighthelmstone, and certainly dine in town, if the fates permit, next Wednesday, when I hope to give you an account of a good tour.

I was obliged this morning to order my valet de chambre at eight to go to bed, from the shameful condition in which he appeared. After giving me a robe de chambre, slippers, &c. at ten, he went out late last night, and this morning presented before me the most disgusting of all human figures, a man

metamorphosed into a stupid brute *. My patience I suspect will not survive much longer.

Your uncle Heaton dined here to-day, and was tolerably cheerful. I toasted Nancy; he gave—Sir Edward Astley.

In another packet I will enclose the French papers, and a country letter.

Wednesday noon finishes my little tour, and all excursions, till I shall have settled every thing here to our entire content. I shall order dinner on Wednesday at four.

To-morrow my first toast is Miss Wilkes, with every blessing to her through life.

* In the course of these letters drunkenness and gaming are not unfrequently stigmatized: unhypocritically however, for of neither of these vices was Mr. Wilkes guilty. In early youth he lost at play 500 guineas. His father paid the debt, with, "Jack, mind, I do so no more." Jack vowed he would not, and never after touched a die or a card.

My best compliments to my amiable old friends.

Good night, and good journey, dearest Polly.

LETTER XCII.

Thursday Morning,
at Breakfast.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

MADEMOISELLE Suzette is so extremely wild, that I want your assistance to keep the little beauty in tolerable order. She has lapped above half the milk out of the cream-pot, seized the bread and butter in my hand, overset the sugar-dish, and then frisks and gambols round the room in all the curves of grace and elegance, as if she expected

that a grave senator could be pleased with such frolics. Had you been prudent enough to have taken, instead of the daughter, the pensive Selima, the mother, the demurest of the tabby kind, I had saved my milk, my sugar, my bread and my butter; and you know how naturally inclined I am to all saving. To prove it to you, a brace of partridges are just arrived, which to preserve good for your dinner to-morrow with pauvrade sauce, and to keep from the rapacious claws of the said Mademoiselle Suzette, I have ordered to-day to be put on a spit and roasted. I expect you soon to rescue an aged father from this CATilinarian tumult.

Bon jour, Mademoiselle Marie.

LETTER XCIII.

Prince's Court,
Thursday, Aug. 31, 1780.

I HAVE been, my dearest Polly, a *Prince's Courtier* ever since I had the pleasure of seeing you, except yesterday, when I passed an agreeable day in Leadenhall Street.

I have no objection to your continuing at Epsom till the Wednesday, except the loss of your pleasing company for so long a time, and the return will be quite convenient. I will call on my mother, and let her know.

Your flowers have been watered both by Heaven and by John.

I wish you to make many compliments and acknowledgments from me to

the two good amiable sisters, my old friends, under whose roof I have passed some of the happiest days of my life.

As you will leave Epsom probably on Wednesday early, before the London post arrives, I shall scarcely write again, unless Monday's post brings any letters to send you that evening.

Adieu, dearest Polly.

Bon voyage, et heureux retour.

LETTER XCIV.

Castle at Marlborough,
April 19.

YESTERDAY passed, my dearest Polly, quite to my satisfaction, and today till noon, when I left the Holt to continue my journey. We had no company there. In the evening, which was uncommonly serene, we sauntered through the neighbouring copses, and were entertained with the melody of several nightingales. The situation of the Holt is very fine, and the refinement of the lady of the mansion makes her not only relish it herself, but communicate her delicate sensations to others.

I have just sent our charming neighbour, Mrs. Smith, two small pine-apple

cheeses, and I wish you to say that I hope by this little excursion to Bath to acquire life and gaiety enough to solicit the permission of visiting her on my return to Prince's Court.

My compliments to the Colonel and Mrs. Gordon.

I hope you have made the party for Monday, at the Mansion-house, entirely to your mind, and wish you much pleasure there.

I have been almost suffocated with the dust quite from Reading to Marlborough, and am just now recovering.

My dearest Polly, adieu * !

* Though penciled by Miss Wilkes, as received in 1781, yet I suspect that this and the three following letters are referable to 1783.—EDIT.

LETTER XCV.

South Parade, Bath,
April 20.

I WRITE this, my dearest Polly, from my favourite lodgings at Bath, where I arrived between twelve and one, almost suffocated by thick clouds of dust the whole way, except over Marlborough Downs. I epistolized you last night. Mr. Stafford's post-chaise carried me to Reading, very reluctantly from the Siren of the Holt, whose kind invitation to continue there till Sunday I dared not to accept, for reasons which you guess.

I dined to-day at Alfred House, and I think the Doctor is in much the same state as at Christmas, only his appetite seems to fail him, and the *frequent and*

powerful eructations from his holy entrails render assisting at his dinner rather disagreeable. The company were only the chaplain, Mrs. Cruttwell, and an insipid niece of ten years old. He inquired much after you.

Mrs. M—— and Captain M-ntg-m-r- &c. &c. I have seen to-day, in the old state of silly hoyden romping. She seems well, and scolded me soundly for coming without you. The Captain calls you negligent and careless for not sending a box from Betsey, which I am persuaded she never sent to you. I took your part, and only wished him half your exactness for Mrs. M-ntg-m-r--'s sake, his mother's, sister's, &c. &c.

Good night.

LETTER XCVI.

I RECEIVED, my dearest Polly, this morning, the favour of your letter of Monday. I hope to thank you for it in person next Saturday.

I trust that I shall be able on Friday very early to send you some fine fish, but you have too much wit to trust to such an uncertainty for your dinner.

I fear much our friend here deceives herself, and is deceived by all her family, but I am happy to have it in my power to be useful, where I have much real respect.

The friendly Moravian's letter I enclosed to you; but his intelligence, I find, is not exact.

I have sent this day to Prince's Court two legs of Welsh mutton, but their

destiny is for my clerks Montague and Parker, unless you are taken with a decided fondness. I could have used another word of the same number of syllables, for either of them. In that case, *mangez le gigot tout entier, si vous voulez et pouvez.*

Nine—Just returned from little *Julie*, as drooping, and as yellow, as the Monday jonquille on the chimney-piece. Poor little *Julie!*—What is beauty? a short-lived flower.

Bon soir.

LETTER XCVII.

Monday Noon.

I THANK you, my dearest Polly, for your very pleasing letter of Saturday morning, and am glad the fish arrived in so perfect a state.

I congratulate our polite neighbours on the late prowess of the Grand Monarch*. I should say to Monsieur in Scripture language, "Go thou, and do likewise." The Comte d'Artois wants no hints.

I am much obliged to the Baron for his care about the coat I wished. I desire you to make him great acknowledgments from me, and to assure him that the first business after my return to town will be to send him a draft for the sum which he has so obligingly disbursed on my account.

* This may refer *either* to the birth of the *first* Dauphin in 1781, or to the birth of the unfortunate Lewis XVII.—EDIT.

I have seen Dr. —— a second time, but not Mrs. M-ca-l-y. I had an invitation to dine next Wednesday, but was engaged to Mr. Palmer's at West Hall. The Doctor is absolutely raving, and has renewed his conversation about selling every thing here, and settling in America —for three months perhaps.

I have not seen the verses on the Queen's present situation for the thirteenth time—In what paper were they printed?

I shall certainly bow to you at Ranelagh for two reasons: first, from respect; and secondly, to have from you a perfect Duras curtesey.

Your pun is excellent, worthy Lady *Bel.* Stanhope.

Pray remember my affectionate duty to my mother, and compliments to the fair widow, &c. &c.

Adieu, my dear Euphrosyne. Four o'clock—Just received the parcel.

LETTER XCVIII.

South Parade, Bath,
1781.

I THANK you, my dear Polly, for your letter of Wednesday, which I have just received.

I still continue in the intention of leaving Bath to-morrow morning at six, and look forward with rapture to the thought of meeting my dear daughter on Saturday at the *cottage**.

I enclose a letter from Mrs. Molineux, to whom I have just sent a present of fine trout.

* A cottage rented by Mr. Wilkes, near Cranford Bridge, for a summer or two. He did not reside at Sandham till some years after this.

I have a little history to tell you of the delicate *lamb*, which I sent to the *fierce tigress** of Prince's Court.

Bath has furnished me a complete present for the Dutchess's fete.

I have two coach carpets, which I design for *Missi*'s coach.

Bon jour, chere agneau.

* This expression occasioned on the part of Miss Wilkes, the following note:

"Tres humble requête au cher Senateur Wilkes de vouloir bien adresser et envoyer les deux lettres, qui accompagnent ce billet, et une seconde grace lui est demandée avec le plus tendre intérêt, d'avoir la complaisance de lui remettre le bulletin de sa santé, pour satisfaire une *tigresse*, dont la vivacité de l'espéce est connue."

Hence arose the following billet in reply.—Edit.

LETTER XCIX.

La belle Desdemona ne doit jamais presenter des *très humble requétes* au Sénateur Brabantio, parceque le dit Sénateur s'estime toujours heureux, quand il peut trouver l'occasion de montrer sa tendresse, et même sa reconnoissance pour une demoiselle, sa parente, qui possede tous les talens, et toutes les vertus.

Le Senateur Brabantio.

LETTER C.

March 1782.
Sunday Morning.

KENSINGTON Gore sends you, my dearest Polly, a little tribute of the *first* beauties of spring, which I have no objection to have bartered for a French hare and brace of partridges, as your garde-manger will still continue tolerably provided. Be so good to send yesterday's letters, and evening paper, with the Sunday Monitor, and I will toast Prince's Court in a bumper at four.

Bon jour.

LETTER CI.

Castle at Salt Hill,
Thursday Night, March 21, 1782.

I do not remember, my dear Polly, ever to have left the capital with so much regret as this day, because I was not to enjoy the pleasure of your society in this excursion. A Bath tour was particularly agreeable to me, for I was more hours of the day in your company, than on any other occasion. The privation of this pleasure makes me consult the almanack about my return, before I reach the place of my destination, and I already anticipate the satisfaction of revisiting the humble household deities of Prince's Court.

I enclose you all the tickets I can claim for Easter, that you may make your ar-

rangements early. I date them *Easter Monday*, not *April* 1, to avoid the *mauvaise plaisanterie* of city wits.

Mrs. Partridge gave me a nice dinner, for which I found a hunter's appetite —soup cressy, eels spitchcocked, a perch, a roast fowl and asparagus, and a pancake. Yet the relish was wanting. I do not mean any sauce, which an Alderman could long for, but I believe you may guess what I do mean.

I wish to hear all news in the present important hour. Every public and private motive conspires to make this a most interesting period. If any thing comes too heavy for the post, I beg you to make a packet, and send it by the diligence.

Pray engage Mr. Hutton to write to me.

My dear daughter, good night.

LETTER CII.

South Parade, Bath,
Saturday, March 23, 1782.

HERE I am, my dearest Polly, warmly housed at Mr. Hartford's, after combating all the unexpected fury of the elements, ever since I left Salt Hill. The roads are just passable, but the efforts of four strong horses could scarcely drag the light post-chaise, in which I was, with little baggage. It snowed at Salt Hill all Thursday night, and the entire following day, and the wind was very high; so that I scarcely remember a worse travelling day. This morning was a clear sunshine, but it froze intensely, and this afternoon the flakes descend in great abundance. I never saw a more shivering landscape, and I

passed waggons and post-chaises laid low, not in the dust, but in the snow, and absolutely deserted by men, cattle, &c.

On my arrival here I went to Mr. Hartford's, and thanks to the caprice of a lady, who has decamped unexpectedly this day, I have the parlour, the bed-chamber adjoining, a servant's hall, and a garret for Thomas.

I have made my bow both to Mrs. Molineux and Dr. Wilson, and had the most gracious reception from the lady and gentleman. The Doctor pressed me cordially to dine with him this day, and every day of my abode at Bath. I accept his invitation for to-morrow. To-day I dine alone at Phillott's, to write to my dear daughter, and to arrange my small concerns.

Young Macaulay of the Isle of Wight is here very ill, and Sam. Scott far from well.

Economy gave me two horses to the Devizes, and prudence four from the Devizes to Bath, or I had passed the night on the road.

Mrs. Molineux and Miss look in very good health, and talk affectionately of their friend in Prince's Court.

Bath is remarkably thin, but much company is expected the next week.

I am well, but more exhausted and jaded than I ever was after the longest journey. I shall therefore step into a warm bed before nine, and so I bid my dearest Polly heartily *bon soir*.

I hope you received the tickets and the letter from Salt Hill.

LETTER CIII.

South Parade, Bath,
Monday, March 25, 1782.

I HAVE nothing, my dearest Polly, to send you to-day but my thanks for the letter, which I received this morning from Prince's Court. I am much obliged to Mr. H. for the attention of his note, which I am persuaded contained all the news of the day, though it was the mere nothing.

Yesterday I dined with Dr. Wilson and the Cruttwells—a plain good family dinner. To-morrow I am to have the same pleasure. I am complimented till I am crimson as scarlet. On Wednesday I am to dine with Mrs. Molineux, whom I have seen frequently since my short arrival here, and who tells me *Miss Molineux is very good.*

Sam. Scott has entertained to-day very cheerfully, and we are to go on Monday to Lyncombe, one mile from hence.

Lady Conyngham, Mrs. Drax, &c. &c. &c. inquire affectionately after you.

I wrote yesterday to Mrs. Hayley, and if you approve the enclosed, I beg you to seal and send it. The snow covers the earth here, but no more falls. It continues to freeze.

Had I been rich, I had purchased *Vernet's Tempest*, at Mr. Walpole's sale.

Good night, my dear daughter.

Nine.

LETTER CIV.

South Parade, Bath,
Tuesday, March 26, 1783.

I THOUGHT it best, my dearest Polly, to write to Mrs. Fountain about the rent due last Michaelmas, lest my absence might be an excuse to a waggoner, or drover, to detain the money. I enclose the letter for your perusal.

I hope you received, and approved, my letter to Mr. Byng.

We are here all on the tip-toe of expectation for political news.

Mrs. Molineux is in good spirits, and better than I have seen her for some time. She is with great reason anxious about the fate of *little Kitty*.

I have never known Bath so thin, but numberless lodgings are engaged for Friday and Saturday.

I live here the same life as in town, and step into bed at ten: but I miss my charming companion of Prince's Court, and all the variety of Bath does not indemnify me for that loss.

The snow now begins to melt, and the meadows reassume that beauteous verdure which distinguishes the environs of this place almost through the year.

I write this post to Mr. Angelo about young Smith, who will probably soon arrive.

I am now going to eat the venerable Doctor's mutton; so, my dear Polly, I bid you adieu.

LETTER CV.

South Parade, Bath,
Thursday, March 28, 1783.

I WAS highly entertained, my dear Polly, with your observations on the Baron's account of his Holiness's journey, and the *fermentation parmi les esprits*, which has been so artfully brought about. I should suppose it would turn out the most foolish of all idle jaunts, and the most fruitless, and Pius VI. might as well go to Geneva for any good he can do in these times.

Choose then, good Pope, at home to stay,
Nor eastward idly take thy way.

I am glad to hear that my niece intends to pass a week at Bath. I hope she will arrive before I leave it. Be so good to offer my services to her for lodgings, and every other convenience.

I shall certainly return to attend the meeting of the House of Commons after the Easter recess on the very first day.

I have a variety of letters, which agree that Lord R. is the nominal, and Lord Sh. the efficient, minister.

Yesterday I dined with Mrs. M. Mr. Macaulay had an express of the taking St. Kitt's, which I concealed from our good friend till after dinner, and to almost the moment of the arrival of Cruttwell's paper. She ate a better dinner than I remember to have seen, and was tolerably cheerful even after she had read the Gazette. Miss Holt only dined there.

The venerable Doctor seems to be delighted with the Alderman of Farringdon Without, and is displeased when I do not dine with him. I could not refuse his pressing instances to eat the smallest of all little pigs with him to-day. We

are never more than four. This is the third dinner. C—— talked to me of a wish to practise physic in some village near the capital. I do not comprehend the meaning of this, unless it be suspicion, and despair of preferment in the church. The Doctor is exceedingly feeble. His legs are enormous.

The Mrs. S— and her daughter, who have his chariot regularly, are very distant relations. They have travelled through France and Italy, as they say.

Lord George's letter is by much the best performance of that half-witted lunatic.

Many thanks to the good Mr. H.

We have had a storm of wind and rain here for eighteen hours, but the weather is very mild. The snow is entirely melted, which with the rain has overflowed the whole country.

Thomas has broken my favourite tea-

pot, and I fear so much for my plates and glasses, that I do not once intend to dine here, to save what I can from such murderous hands.

Heaven bless my dear daughter, prays her affectionate and obliged father.

LETTER CVI.

South Parade, Bath,
Saturday, March 30, 1783.

I FIND, my dear Polly, by all the papers, that the House of Commons will meet the Monday in the week after the Easter recess, which is a remarkably short adjournment. I think that it would be imprudent in me to be absent, and therefore I mean to leave Bath on Friday next, and hope to dine in Prince's Court

next Saturday. I desire you not to wait for me, only to order a hodge-podge for five, six, or seven, with mutton-chops; for I think I cannot reach London before one of those hours.

I shall wait here on Friday morning for the post, and therefore shall have an opportunity of receiving the letters put in the London post by Wednesday night, but not after.

I sent Mrs. Molineux yesterday a handsome dish of fish, and had the pleasure of dining with her. She bears the loss of St. Kitt's very well, but Mr. M. writes most unaccountable letters on that subject to Miss M.

I do not comprehend Dunning's being Chancellor of the Dutchy of Lancaster under Lord Rockingham, for I think that very place was to be abolished by Mr. Burke's bill.

Good night, dear Polly.

LETTER CVII.

I HAVE but a moment before the departure of the post to notify in form to my dearest Polly the arrival of the Alderman of Farringdon Without, after the amazing effort of getting yesterday to Marlborough. The world seems to me half pulverized, and my inside is already I believe turned to dust, so that I must endeavour for the next hour at least to give fair play to the liquid elements, that the whole system may not run into confusion.

I have been already pestered with Bath and London fops, but I put them to flight to write this short note to my beloved daughter.

Adieu!

The newspaper and one letter are arrived.

LETTER CVIII.

South Parade, Bath,
Monday, April 21, 1783.

I HAD the pleasure of your letter, my dearest Polly, this morning, and it gave me very great entertainment.

Lord Nugent is more apprehensive of the serious consequences of many alarming events from the present ill humour of our sailors than most others of my acquaintance, and his fears arise from his conversations with Lord Howe, who says he does not envy Lord Keppel his present situation, with nods, shrugs, &c.

Lord Rodney has been here three hours this morning. He has given me a variety of interesting particulars, which I dare not transcribe. He has a whole house in Gay Street, and pressed me

much to accept apartments, and live with him. He pressed it cordially. He is alone, except a physician, visits very few, and goes to no balls, &c. He neither loves nor commends Howe, and thinks he is highly culpable for not destroying the whole fleet of France and Spain off Gibraltar, as he says Howe might have done.

Captain Montgomerie and Mr. Pierce dined here to-day. To-morrow I dine with Mrs. Molineux. The news of the arrival of the Member for Lynn has given more surprise than pleasure, although he is to be accompanied by Betsy, and the other sister.

Mr. Strange has written to me about the print of Charles I.; and I have desired that it may be sent to Prince's Court directed to you.

Thomas says he has taken the parcel to Mrs. Gordon.

The letter from Calais only told me the game season was just over.

This night is Dawson's great ball.

Adieu!

LETTER CIX.

South Parade, Bath,
Tuesday, April 22, 1783.

I ENCLOSE to you, dear Polly, a letter from Mrs. Molineux, and the Countess of Kageneck's letter to you. The wife of the Member for Lynn, the Norfolk Captain, Miss Molineux, Mrs. Kemys and Miss, are to dine with me on Friday, with a Colonel Fanning, an agreeable officer lately in the British army, and returned from New-York, of

which city he is a native. He seems a fair, candid man, handsome in his person, tall, genteel, and not in the least bigotted in politics. He lodges in the lower apartments at Harford's. I dined in a very agreeable way this day at Mrs. Molineux's. To-morrow I meet Lord Rodney at Dr. Lee's, who is soon going abroad, and on Thursday at Mr. Drax's. So much for my dinner parties till Saturday, and farther I am free.

I am now worth a Dutch tea-kettle, of an elegant antique form, with which I mean to entertain you at Christmas. It cost me, with the lamp, no less than fourteen shillings.

I am, thank Heaven, well, and have recovered the headachs I had for some days. A considerable bleeding at the nose on Friday much relieved me, and I am now perfectly recovered.

Adieu!

LETTER CX.

South Parade, Bath,
Wednesday, April 23, 1783.

THIS day's post, my dearest Polly, has brought me a most satisfactory answer from the Baron de Castille, so much so, that I do not see *a loop to hang a doubt on*, with old Shakespeare. The kindness of the Dutchess de la Valliere can never be sufficiently acknowledged. Considering her great age, such an opportunity is not to be lost, and I wish you now to set immediately about the preparations for your journey. I shall be able to contrive sufficiently for your setting out the 12th or 13th of May from town, and if you do not hear of any party about that time, you may contrive it in the way we mentioned before. T

all events I desire you to write to the Dutchess by Friday's post, that you hope to be at Paris by the 18th of May. I should be glad too, you would write to the Baron, that I am at Bath, but have received there his letter, which I shall answer in a post or two, and that it has dissipated all my fears and uneasiness. As to the Helvetius's and the D'Holbachs, it may be contrived for another year, and you will find English enough of fashion to make your parties with, when you may choose a little absence from the Dutchess. My mind is now quite at ease, and I am sure I can arrange all the important pecuniary concerns in the way we should both wish. I therefore would have you write directly to the Dutchess, as well as to the Baron, of all your preparations for the journey being begun.

I shall go no where but to Kensington the whole summer and autumn, the

savings of which will be a good aggregate fund, and we may look forwards to a Christmas excursion to this place. I wish you to write me a copy of an answer to the Baron, which I will transcribe, and you may order it to be put into the London post.

My dear daughter, adieu.

LETTER CXI.

South Parade, Bath,
Thursday, April 24, 1783.

I HAVE only time by this post, my dearest Polly, to thank you for your letter of Tuesday, and to refer you to my two last, and the Baron's which I enclosed. I hope you will be able to

contrive every thing to your satisfaction for your French tour.

I do not know to what *the strange mistake* you mention *in the newspapers respecting yesterday* alludes.

Be so good as to put the letter for Mrs. Stafford in the general post, and send the other by Mrs. Townsend, to Kensington Gore, as soon as you receive it.

I dined to-day very cheerfully at the Drax's, with Lord Nugent, the Wroughtons, &c. &c.

The bellman gives his last warning.

Adieu!

LETTER CXII.

South Parade, Bath,
Sunday, April 27, 1783.

I HAVE the favour of your two letters of the 24th and 25th, my dearest Polly, by which I find that you had not then received mine of last Wednesday, respecting chiefly your tour to Paris, with the enclosure of the Baron's letter.

I find Mrs. Hayley it gone on a tour to Norwich. I send you a letter for her, and hers to me, which may now be burnt. I have sent Spragg franks enough for her tour.

I leave Bath on Thursday next, after the arrival of the post, but I go by the Holt, and therefore I shall be obliged to you to send my letters on *Wednesday* night to the *Crown in Reading*, and on

Thursday and *Friday* to the *Bush at Staines*. My time is not quite my own. Probably I shall be in town on Sunday evening, if not Monday morning will be the length of my tether. *Tuesday*, April 29, you will be so good as to direct my letters to *Bath*.

I sent two legs of mutton and two cheeses to Prince's Court. One of each I intended for my dear daughter; the other for poor *Sam. Petrie, at the Fleet Prison, in the third staircase, No.* 21. I beg you to send James there with them, and to order him not to accept any thing.

I am now, thank Heaven, perfectly well, but I have not missed taking rhubarb pills one night since my arrival here, and only once been out of bed at eleven.

I send *ten thousand* things to the Countess of H. I am glad the *petite*

Flore has at last *quelques graces enfantines*. I feared her dotage would have arrived sooner.

You are very saucy about *ne soyez pas trop jeune*, &c. but I own I like the badinage, and do not think you what the Captain still calls you, *enfant gaté*, &c.—his own character by the by.

Your Russian Prince is not yet arrived. As soon as I hear of him, I shall pay my compliments. The Russian emulating the French Marquis, is Æsop's ass imitating the lap-dog, and jumping into his mistress's lap, breaking *her* bones, &c.

I dined yesterday at Governor Woodley's, with Lord Rodney, Sir John Jervis, Admiral Edwards, and the ladies. Miss W—dl-y is indeed very handsome, a good prater, and a great simpleton, but easy and good-humoured. I gave a great dinner on Friday, to the Molineux's, Kemys's, Mr. Estwick, and a

Colonel Fanning, who is in this house. My only dinner. On Thursday I dined at Drax's.

Adieu!

LETTER CXIII.

South Parade, Bath,
Monday, April 28, 1783.

I AM truly chagrined, my dearest Polly, at this contre-tems of the good Dutchess de la Valliere's indisposition, not only from her suffering, but the postponing of a Parisian tour, which would have given you so much pleasure. I leave you however the perfect mistress of settling every thing for that tour the succeeding spring, and you

may acquaint the Baron, that it has already my full approbation.

If you hear of any respectable family making this year a month's tour to Spa, of whose party you could be, I should with pleasure frank you there; for be assured no father ever had a more thorough confidence in a daughter, nor was ever any person more beloved, esteemed, and admired by another, than you are by me. I shall in idea anticipate all this year for you the pleasures of the gay metropolis of the French the succeeding spring, the *trois jours de Longchamp*, the *courses de chevaux à Vincennes*, the *benediction des drapeaux*, the *revue du Roi*, &c. &c.

Lord Rodney and I are much together. To-morrow I dine in Gay Street, with his Lordship, Lord Conyngham, &c. &c. I could not muster courage sufficient to accept a second dinner invitation from Alfred House, but sent a very civil excuse.

I leave this place on *Thursday* after the arrival of the post. I think that I desired you yesterday to send *Wednesday*'s letters to the *Crown at Reading*, and *Thursday*'s and *Friday*'s to the *Bush at Staines*. Sunday evening, or Monday morning, I hope to rejoin my dearest daughter in Prince's Court.

Mrs. and Mr. Drax, the Molesworths, the Molineux's, &c. &c. all desire their compliments.

Adieu!

LETTER CXIV.

South Parade, Bath,
Wednesday, April 30, 1783.

I RECEIVED by this day's post my dear Polly's little *poulet*, and another enclosed for Mrs. Molineux, which I

delivered. Captain Montgomerie returns to the capital to-morrow morning at four. I have gained by the assistance of Mrs. Molineux, a complete victory over the said Captain, by proving that you are *bon enfant*, and not *l'enfant gaté*, as he is; that you are exact and careful, not *negligent and idle*, as he is in all instances —except one. The said Captain I have driven to the wall, and approved myself in your cause a *preux chevalier*.

Your Russian Prince is arrived, and has been here. Je l'ai comblé de politesses, et ce soir je dois avoir l'honneur de le presenter chez Madame Drax. Demain il part pour la capitale. Je n'aime point du tout ces Russes. Ils sont tous des petits maitres manqués, et ont generalement le gout fort depravé. Celui-ci est un veritable singe. Il est parti pour Bristol ce matin, mais revient à une heure.

I hope to be in town on Sunday, but am not yet certain. However, I leave Bath to-morrow.

The affair of the dismission and restoration of Messrs. Powell and Bambridge, must deeply interest the public. Either Colonel Barré in the dismission of two old officers of the revenue, or Mr. Burke in their restoration under such heavy accusations, must be highly to blame. Mr. Estwick, Barré's secretary, has shewn me some important papers, which bear hard on Messrs. Powell and Bambridge, but I have seen nothing on the other side, therefore I suspend my opinion.

Il a fait une chaleur étouffante à Bath depuis trois jours.

Bon soir.

END OF VOLUME II.

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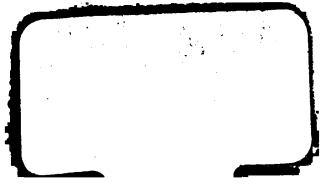
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